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The Bridger Boys.

The writer owes his information to the retentive memory possessed by Captain James M. McNeil, near Buckeye, for much of the matter in this item of local history. Were Captain McNeil to write out what he has heard, it would be very useful and become more and more interesting as the years go by.

The year 1921 will be the centennial of Pocahontas County, and the speakers upon that occasion will be more than thankful for just such information as makes up his recollections.

John and James Bridger were in the party that came to the relief of the Drennan family on the Greenbrier River, nearly a mile above the mouth of Stony Creek. Henry Baker, a school teacher, was killed while he and Richard Hill were going to the river to wash and prepare for breakfast. Nathan, a colored man belonging to Lawrence Drennan, notified the settlers in the Levels. A party came on and brought the family away, and on their return the Moore and the Wooddell families joined them. The Bridger brothers and Nathan left the main party and took across to the night way through the notch, while the rest passed around by the Wooddell's.

Indians were concealed at a place where a clump of lynn saplings were growing out of the decaying stump of a tree that had been cut down for sugar troughs. Two shots were fired in quick succession. John was mortally wounded. The other, being untouched, ran on through the "notch," closely pursued by an Indian. Just at the foot of the mountain was a straight path through which the young man was running as the Indian paused and shot him in the back. The mark of the Indian's heel was seen where he halted to deliver the fatal discharge.

Nathan had stopped to fasten his moccasins, and was thus out of reach. He scolded the Indians for hurting the boys, and escaped unhurt. The rest of the company were at the Wooddell place when they heard the shooting.

Mrs Phebe McNeil, a daughter of Moses Moore, the pioneer, then a little girl twelve years old, was in this party on their way to the fort. She rode a pack-horse loaded with bed-clothing, provisions, and cooking utensils. Shortly after the shooting, loud whoops were heard near the "notch."

These seemed answered by whoops on the Gillilan Mountain, and then were whoopings heard near the head of Stamping Creek, as if the savage bands were signalling that the settlers were on the move and danger was threatening, for soon all became silent and nothing more was seen or heard of them in the vicinity. By the time the refugees reached the fort, on the hill now occupied by Mr Isaac McNeil's residence, all danger was over.

Arrangements were quickly made to bring in the slain. John Cochran had brought a half-sled to the fort and an old, gentle horse. The sled was taken to where Jim Bridger lay weltering in his blood, and remained there until John was carried down from the Notch, and thus they were borne to the fort, and a grave prepared for them on the knoll overlooking Mill Point.

Old Mother Jordan, as she is most commonly spoken of, who lived when a young person where Mr Mathew John McNeil now lives, remembered how Jim Bridger was fixing himself up like he was going to a wedding while the men were getting ready to go to the relief of the Drennans. He wanted to borrow her silver shoe-buckles, and she objected: "Jim

Bridger, you had better not take my shoe-buckles, for the Indians might get you, and I will never see my buckles any more!"

Aunt Phebe McNeil and Mrs Sally McCollum, daughter of Larry Drennan, remembered with emotion long as they lived how the heart-broken father of the Bridger Boys put his arms around the necks of his slain sons as they were put into the one grave. His sleeves were all bloody, and when the men gently forced him away from his dead and he lay upon the ground, resting his head on one arm and wiping the tears with the bloody sleeve of the other, it looked so pitiful!

This should always be remembered as a consecrated spot, being made sacred by perhaps the first tears ever wept by a broken-hearted father over slain sons within the borders of Pocahontas.

W. T. F.

In order to show what a wonderful person her late father was, Winnie Davis, the gifted daughter of the Confederacy, says that all his children had implicit faith in everything he did. Winnie herself remembers crying to be taken to him during an earthquake and feeling perfectly secure in his arms. The great force of this argument will be recognized at once by every philosopher. The author of the new song, "My Dad's the Engineer," utilized this sentiment and presented it with great power in one stanza and the chorus of his able production, viz.:

We were none of us thinking of danger,

As the train sped on in the night,
Till the flames of the burning forest

Made the passengers wild with fright,

Then a tiny maid near a window,
With a smile, said:

"There's nothing to fear;
I'm sure that no harm will befall you,
My dad's the engineer."

"Daddy's on the engine; don't be afraid;

Daddy knows what he is doing,"
Said the little maid.

"We'll soon be out of danger, don't you ever fear;

Every one is safe, because my dad's the engineer."

Not only the motif but also the style suggests that it was Miss Davis who wrote this beautiful lyric.

A CERTAIN M. Mantois has in view a decidedly difficult but interesting undertaking for the Paris Exposition of 1900.

His proposition is to construct a telescope nearly 200 feet long, with an objective glass more than 4 1/3 feet in diameter. By means of this enormous lens he hopes to bring the moon, to all intents and purposes, within six miles of the gay French capital, and to be able to throw the image of the moon, as it would look at that distance, upon a screen, night after night, in a hall holding half a thousand spectators.

A COUNTRY preacher recently warned his flock that neither gold nor silver could be depended on as a safe basis of final redemption.—*Plain Dealer, Cleveland.*

LOVERS who affect the bicycle should stick to each other through wheel and whoa.—*Transcript, Boston.*

It is claimed that when a man gets up a reform convention in Topeka, he receives a commission of \$2 from the druggists for every hundred delegates he brings to town.—*Globe, Atchison.*

THERE is no longer any blue Monday in New York. It is blue Sunday and crimson Monday now.—*Globe, Boston.*

THE motto, "In God we trust," was not put on American coins until 1864. Before that we trusted in the inherent value of the metal.—*Commercial Advertiser, New York.*

It seems queer that all the new women are over forty.—*Post, San Francisco.*

SUNDAY in New York is not so much a day of rest as a day of arrest.—*Boston Herald.*

(c) "How much does the average farmer lose in not being able to carry his produce to the nearest railroad station?" He does not lose anything for Pocahontas has always been a world-beater for prices with wheat at \$1.00, and corn 75 cents, and other things accordingly. He loses in hauling goods from the railroad, how much nobody knows, but the bad road is all down hill in Pocahontas.

(d) "Does not the merchant have to place a higher price on his goods from the lack of number one highways?" Yes. He considers it due number one to do so. If you fix a cold glittering eye on him however he will come down to the proper price, and you always could buy goods in general, cheaper in this county than you can in Bath. This excepts salt and goods which are considered weighty.

But no more of this road-talk for it has already assumed the proportions of a Hor-Harvey debate, and there is no money in talking about roads.

An Early Settler.

In former years, the Harper Place, at Sunset, was a notable locality. It was settled by Henry Harper, about eighty years ago, who came from the South Branch, in Pendleton County. His wife was Elizabeth Lightner, who came from near Chambersburg, Penn., at an early day.

There was but little clearing when Mr Harper took possession. On the east side of the creek the growth was mainly oak and pine with dense thickets of laurel. On the west side the primitive forest consisted largely of sugar-maple, cherry, hickory, and white-oak, with an almost impenetrable undergrowth of thorn and crab-apple. Mrs Harper found it almost impossible at times to find her cows in the thickets and drive them home. The sheep needed looking up every evening, and penned at the side of the house to keep them from the wolves. The keeping of four or five large and fierce dogs was a necessity for the protection of live stock and the safety of little children even, so ravenous were the panthers, wolves, and bears.

By patient and diligent industry the lands were cleared. About three acres of corn was planted the first year, which was frosted about the last of August, and rendered worthless.

In course of time Mr Harper built a mill, started a blacksmith shop, with a tilt hammer attached, sunk a tannery, and so carried on a diversity of employments in connection with his farm, and all, too, quite successfully. It was like a leisurely busy hive from four o'clock in the morning until dark at night, with father and mother, sons and daughters, servants and hired helpers, and yet nobody ever seemed to be in a hurry. Matters were so arranged that they never pushed their work, and their work never pressed them, apparently.

In the hunting season, Mr Harper would kill his share of game. His favorite hunting ground was at the Harper Rocks, near the crest of the Alleghany, just east of his home. These rocks perpetuate his name, and indicate the grounds where the largest deer could be had and where bears would come to sleep through the winter.

In person Mr Harper was small, his manner was quiet. He seemed to think three or four times before he would speak once. He would study over the situation, see what the people needed, and then quietly proceed to supply the need, and thus the different industries he established prospered. They seemed a competency for his family, and were conducive to the convenience and comfort of people far and near.

W. T. P.

The hot weather has raised the hydrophobia scare at many places. At Huntington the mayor has ordered all unmuzzled dogs to be shot.

If Pennsylvania belongs to any one man more than another, the same is senator Quay. Neither the State or the man are very proud of each other.

Lo! the poor Indian has been badly used again, in the recent killing of the Bannock Indians. The whites who did the killing should be prosecuted for murder.

WHY will Cleveland not say that he will not accept the nomination and put an end to the third term subject which is rather tiresome. He could say it in such unqualified terms that it would dry up the prolific pens of both parties which have taken the supposition that in his to-day he is already making arrangements for to-morrow. The "man of destiny" might save himself much abuse by putting a quietus on the third term boom.

METHODISTS!

Epworth Leaguers.

Epworth League Conference of Lewisburg District, M. E. Church, South, will be held at Ronceverte, W. Va., Sept. 9-12, 1895. Rev. W. J. Young, D. D. of Richmond, Virginia, Rev. C. H. Buchannon, of Fincastle, Virginia, Rev. Geo. G. Smith, of Georgia, and others will participate. Interesting and profitable themes will be discussed. Good speakers! Music!

Between Millboro and Hinton special railroad rates to delegates; one and one third fares for round trip. Secure cards from railroad agents. Communicate with W. H. BALLENGEE, Ronceverte W. Va.

THE NEGRO AT THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.—"I, Garland Penn, Chief of the Negro Department of the Cotton States and International Exposition," to be opened at Atlanta, September 18, of the present year, has addressed an open letter to his brethren of the country, in which he directs attention to what has been already accomplished in his department and emphasizes the importance of what remains to be accomplished, in order that the Afro-American exhibit shall be up to the standard set by the commissioners and reasonably expected by the people of the country.

"Mr. Penn points out the fact that the Exposition Company have not only fulfilled their promises to erect a building covering 25,000 square feet of space to be used exclusively by negroes, but that they delivered the contract for erecting the building to negroes, that the entire work was done by negro laborers, and that, consequently, the building itself will stand as an exhibit of the negro's ability as an artisan. The Company having supplied the building, Mr. Penn reasonably expects that his race will do the rest, and asks them, in this address, to make application for space at once. The Exposition Company have expended \$15,000 for the proper reception of negro exhibits, besides the free use of space, and will make further expenditures, as they are determined to do all that they promised and even more to insure the success of the negro department.

"The Afro-Americans of all the Southern States have been thoroughly organized, with commissioners of their own, during the past twelve months, for the purpose of making the negro department successful, and if it falls short of this they will have themselves only to blame. The negro department should be one of the most interesting features of the Atlantic Exposition. Americans as well as foreigners are curious to measure the results of emancipation as they are to be found in such an exposition. It is to be regretted that more effort was not made to secure negro exhibits from the old free States, so that they could be compared with those of the old slave States. The comparison would have been interesting and instructive."—The Sun, New York.

RAPHINE, VA., }
Sept. 7th, 1895. }

MR. ANDREW PRICE,
Editor *Pocahontas Times*,

Dear Sir:—I have just read in your paper an article on the merits of Bath County and Pocahontas roads that brings up some reminiscences to my mind that I feel like setting before your readers.

It was in the spring of 1848 that I started from the Warm Springs to explore the almost unknown county of Pocahontas, and naturally took the Warm Springs and Huntersville turnpike. As I was traveling by Foot and Walker's line, I found the road fairly good until I got to Jackson's River, and as there was a house on the other side, I had only to use my lungs to get a means of crossing. I felt happy and went on, but in about five miles, or maybe six, I came to another stream just about as large and no house in sight. I sat down like the philosopher to wait until the water would all run by, and I suppose I should have been sitting there yet had not a man come along on the other side who came over and carried me across, and I went on my way rejoicing until I got into Pocahontas County, and I liked the place so well that I staid there nearly fifteen years, and if the Yankees had not driven me out I expect that I would have been there until this time.

But on the subject of exorbitant tolls I have a tale to unfold.

I had been traveling over various roads in Bath County, about two years ago, with my wife, and had found that toll-gates were an institution in Bath County, and when I started for Marlinton I did not expect to find an exception. So after traveling some distance we came to a toll-gate, or rather a pole across the road, and a boy came running down and hallowed, "TOLL, mister!" I asked how much. He ran back and hallowed "Maw, maw!" An elderly lady came to the door, and the boy asked how much he was to charge me. She said, "Law, child, I don't know. Call your pa."

Woman and boy united in calling a man who was hoeing potatoes about a hundred yards away, and put the momentous question to him, and his answer was that he did not know, ask him how much he paid at the last place. As this was the first toll-gate on that particular road, the suggestion did not help matters much. Then the boy thought to ask me if I was coming back that way. I told him not if I could help it, but as I wanted to go on then I would give him a quarter for free passage, which he agreed to.

I did have to come back that very way, and the woman charged me 30 cents, on the principle, as I suppose, of being sure that she got enough.

Now, as "Josh Billings" says, "this is no joak, but facts." If you don't believe me, I can prove it by my wife, and she won't lie if I do. Now you and your readers can judge for yourselves whether that was "exorbitant" toll or not.

By the way I owe you a dollar on the second year's subscription, but I don't know how I am to get it to you. I am afraid that if I start it to you over the Bath County roads it will be worn down to the value of a free-coinage silver dollar before it reaches you. I propose that you draw on me and send it out by some cattle dealer, and I will honor it at sight.

I forgot to say, while on the subject of roads, that after reaching the Warm Springs, I started to go to Monterey, and all I regretted was that there were no toll-gates on that road. I think I would have hailed with joy a toll-gate where they would have charged me a dollar, if I had thought I was going to get the worth of it in a better road.

Toll-gates are bad things, but bad roads, are a great deal worse, so says your humble correspondent.

JAMES E. A. GIBBS.

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A MAMMOTH CAVE.

Three Miles From Marlinton.
Further Explorations Made.
A Large Underground Stream
Discovered.

The cave underlying Buck's Mountain, the fertile limestone mountain overlooking Marlinton, was partially explored last week, and much that was remarkable was discovered, tho a fair beginning was not made as there are many avenues that were not traversed.

The men who composed the exploring party were J. J. Hannah, John Beverage, James McCollum, Jake Beverage, and Fletcher McCollum, the last named returning to open air soon after entering the caverns.

The entrance to the cave was made down a perpendicular wall for fifty feet, the descent being accomplished by means of a rope and an "Indian ladder," which is the trunk of a tree with the branches affording footholds. At the bottom of this is a big room, from which an incline of about 14 degrees slopes for about twenty feet to a perpendicular offset of about twelve feet. A second room about twenty-five feet in diameter was here entered. A passage way twenty feet long through which the party walked brought them to a room perhaps 50 x 25 feet.

Another precipice, twenty feet high, was then descended by means of a rope, and they entered a room larger than any yet found. Here was found the bones and antlers of a large deer on a previous expedition, and more bones were discovered, supposed to belong to the same skeleton. Creeping for perhaps sixty feet, a good-sized room was entered, and here the creek was found of pure crystal water, rushing rapidly through its rocky channel. Walking down this stream for a considerable distance, they were brought to a halt at the water-fall where the stream plunges over a twelve-foot wall. Descending this place by aid of ropes they reached the bed of the stream again. Here was seen a tremendous rock, fifty feet long, which lay in the stream. It was shaped like a stone-hammer, and splits the waters of the stream, it forming an island on each side of which the water swirled.

Going on down stream a large room was found at the end of which the stream went out of sight. Where this stream comes to the surface is not known, and as it is hundreds of feet underground it may belong to those water courses which underlie the surface of the earth.

Not being able to proceed further in this direction, an alley was tried from the top of the waterfall, and after traveling for perhaps three hundred yards, a "jumping-off place" of unknown height was reached which barred further passage.

Having spent the greater part of a day in the caverns, the party returned to the surface without having tried many other openings which lay along their course. The cave has many beautiful rock formations. Light was furnished by means of pine torches and lamps.

One of the party, Mr James McCollum, was swung to the top by means of a rope tied around his body. He is a man of near eighty years of age, and it speaks well of his strength and activity in his being able to accompany the party on their tiresome and perilous expedition into the bowels of the earth.

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people that way?" "Oh!" says the lady, looking hard at us, "that is love." "Is it?" says I, with a shudder, as I thought of "Marthy's" mangled ribs. My chum had an awed expression on her face.

When the days are fine and dry you think you could stay forever at some watering place, but "desolation sweeps over the plain" when the "winds begin to blow and the people begin to go." You rejoice to get away, with the summer fled, the invalids dead, the watering place deserted.

S. A. P.

AN APPEAL.

To All the Confederate Soldiers in Bath County.

The following is equally applicable to the veterans who are read of this paper:

(Bath News.)

I earnestly request that you and each of you write out at your very earliest moment a statement of the services you rendered during the civil war, and send or hand it to me. That you state when you enlisted; under what officers, where you were marched to; what battles, if any, you were in; what prisons you were imprisoned in and for how long, and the kind of treatment you had. In fact, give a short story of your life in the war. Please send this statement to me, as I want it for use at some future time. All of you who will bring it to me, I will attach your affidavit to it without charge. This statement will be valued by your descendants hereafter, and it will be preserved.

Yours sincerely,
J. T. McALLISTER,
Warm Springs, Va.

"THERE is no doubt that the woman who wants to climb up the ladder of fame can get up a good

He took his bride to be. And now he is despairing, for his meals On chemical formulae. (she is preparing —Philadelphia Press.

"WHAT does this 'New Woman' talk mean, John?"

"Hit means, Maria," replied the old farmer, "that women air a-takin' the places what men occupied. You'll find the plow right where I left it; an' when you sharpen the ax, you kin sail in to a dozen cords o' wood, an' I'll have supper a-bilin' when you git home."—Atlanta Constitution.

It is getting so that one meets a full-grown woman and takes her for a young boy in knee-pants.—Dallas News.

REPORTS from Kansas indicate that the Populist Party has got lost in the tall corn which covers that state.—Indianapolis Journal.

Since Mr Cleveland has quit fishing and gone back to work he ceases to find life "one grand sweet song."

THEY are all out of politics, but toward '96 a great cry will go up—and the cat came back.—Age-Herald.

Notice.

Prof. Phil. Knapp, the optician, will be at the hotel at each of the following places, on the date given. Eyes carefully examined, free of charge, and glasses accurately suited.

Prof. Knapp Comes highly recommended by the professional and business men of Staunton, Virginia and Charleston, West Virginia. See bills at
Hillsboro, Sept. 26-27.
Huntersville, " 28-30.
Marlinton, Oct. 1.
Edray, " 2.
Dunmore, " 3.
Green Bank, " 4.
Traveler's Repose, " 5.

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL RECEIVE SEALED BIDS UNTIL noon, October 1, 1895, for a janitor, whose duty it shall be to take care of the new court-house at Marlinton, and to have the same kept clean and comfortable.

The County Court reserves the right to reject any or all bids.
S. L. BROWN, Clerk County Court

R. E. Overholt & Son's AUCTION, advertised for September 20 and 21, is postponed until October 11 and 12.

BRING your JOB WORK to this office. Neat styles.

The Good Samaritan.

"God save me from my friends" is an old and hackneyed expression and yet methinks it is not always true; and there are times when the "cheery voice of a pal" and the iron grasp of a mate, refresh the soul as nothing else can in this wide and wicked world! Such, at any rate are the "centipedes" of a luckless traveler—worn, and worn and stained—whose "business" recently was of such urgent importance that it compelled him to saddle up his full blooded mare, and ride in hot haste in the wee small hours of the night, as if the Sheriff was hot upon his track. Alas! "the plans of mice and men gang oft agley"—however well and carefully they may be laid—and the high-mettled steed fell lame ere the steep sides of Elk had been spanned. A dead lame mare, and five miles from anywhere is not an enchanting prospect, but the sojourner trudged on nothing daunted. "Eheu! whence these tears!" for before a mile had been traversed, the foot-sore traveler met the "Good Samaritan", who also does a bit of night work occasionally. The Good Samaritan promptly dismounted a worthy paterfamilias (who was nursing the baby, tramp! tramp! tramp!) who kindly fixed up the mare and then the "G. S." in his kindness of heart placed the sojourner on his own horse, and put his own coat on his back, and took him to his own home, where he commanded his faithful, jet-black retainer to yoke up his best team of "flyaways", and straightway the gay bachelors drove off some twenty odd miles, awakening the echoes with merry song and halloo, finally putting a finishing touch upon the night's daring escapade with a roaring fine break-at Silas Sharp's—that abode beloved of all men.

The parable should read thus:

ITAN.

"A certain 'Spwort' rode down by night in hot haste from Mingo to Marlinton, and fell among thieves upon Elk Mountain which stripped him of his raiment, and stole his saddle pockets and silver spurs, and departed leaving him half dead, with his full blooded mare dead lame.

2. And by chance there came down a certain Preacher that way and when he saw him he passed by on the other side with his buggy.

3. And likewise a fat Drummer when he was at the place, came and looked on him, expectorated, and passed by on the other side in his sulky.

4. But a certain gay Liveryman as he journeyed a horse-back in the "wee sma' hours" of the night came where he was and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and wept copious, crocodile tears.

5. And went to him, offered him a "big drink" and summoned the Edray Doctor, who bound up his wounds, and fixed up his jaded mare. Then the gay Livery man set him on his own beast, and wrapped his own weather-beaten coat around him, and brought him to "Wild Cat Cottage," and took care of him.

6. And in the gray dawn the Livery-man and the Spwort departed in a two-horse rig, the "Bogus Squire" (himself afflicted with a dire disease) took out two pence and gave them to the "Horsey Host," and said unto him, "Take care of him and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I return from Lewisburg, I will repay thee."

7. Then the swarthy African Retainer replied, "It will be done."

8. Which of these three, gentle reader, thinkest thou, was neighbor to him that fell among thieves and crippled his mare over the Elk rocks.

9. And the Hospitable Folk of Pocahontas County shouted with one loud voice, "He that shewed mercy on him!" Then quoth the genial editor, "Go, and do thou likewise!"

"YES, brothers and sisters," said the Western minister, in the course of the funeral sermon, "our dear brother has gone to the land where all things are known—even the truth about the coinage question, perhaps."—Indianapolis Tribune.

stock placed under his care, and they will be regularly salted.

A Runaway.

Sunday afternoon, April 21st, as Misses Lillie and Elva Friel were driving to Sunset to attend singing, their horse became unmanageable near Mr. William L. Harper's. Their buggy struck the carriage occupied by Mr. J. C. Loury and Mrs. Grose. In the collision Mr. Loury's carriage had the axle bent very much, while the buggy was whirled over the bank and lodged on top of a fence in a reversed position. Miss Lillie fell near the place of collision, but Miss Elva was holding the reins and was thrown two or three rods. Fortunately neither was seriously hurt.

The horse was disengaged by the shock and rushed on furiously, and while Messrs. William Grose and M. A. Friel were occupied in relieving the young ladies, their horses also took fright and followed on. All three, however, were checked by Mr. Lanty Herold and son, Winston. After a brief delay the whole party went to Sunset and had their singing.

Dunmore.

Still things move along. Alex. Butterbaugh moved to Dunmore this week; Wine & Lambert moved this week, and will commence sawing at Dice Rymell's the last of the week; J. K. Taylor has come home from Huttonsville and will return the last of the week; Rev. John A. Taylor moved to Maryland to take charge of his pastoral work; Rev. Maxwell moved to Green Bank last week, and preached a very able sermon Sunday at Dunmore; Miss Sallie J. Anderson has returned.

Capt. C. B. Swecker will attend the Circuit Court at Beverly which convenes May 1st.

We are glad to see Dr. C. L. Austin home from the hospital at Weston for a short stay.

Gov. Hughes is still in town.

Mr. Jacob Grant is with us; he has been gone for several years.

Some person set fire to Rev. J. A. Taylor's logs, Sunday, and burned up about five hundred. The gentleman will get an introduction to the grand jury this fall.

The carding machine is now grinding out rolls. S&P HEAD.

April 26, 1895.

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Graphite.

There can be little doubt but that the black metal we mentioned last week as having been found in various parts of the county and often mistaken for coal, is graphite or black lead from which lead pencils are made. It is of great value. The substance is found in the Green Bank district and at other places in the county in the upper coal measures. An account of the mineral is given by a standard work as follows:

Black lead, graphite, or plumbago, a mineral consisting chiefly of carbon, but containing also more or less of alumina, silica, lime, iron etc., to the extent of 1 to 47 per cent, apparently mixed rather than chemically combined. Black lead is the popular name, and that by which it is generally known in the arts; Graphite is that generally preferred by mineralogists. The name black lead, however, ought, perhaps, to be regarded as an unfortunate one, as no lead enters into the composition of the mineral. It sometimes occurs crystallized in short imbedded hexagonal prisms; but generally massive, and more or less radiated, foliated, scaly, or compact. It is of a grayish-black color, with a somewhat metallic lustre, and is perfectly opaque. It is greasy to the touch, and is a perfect conductor of electricity. It is found in primary and transition rocks, as in gneiss, mica slate, quartz-rock, greenstone, and clay-slate, and pretty abundantly in various parts of the world. It is much more incombustible than even anthracite (or blind coal), burning with much difficulty even before the blow-pipe, on which account it is much used for the manufacture of crucibles or melting pots which withstand great heat. These however are not made of mere black lead, but of black lead in powder mixed with half its weight of clay. Black lead is employed for making pencils. It is also extensively employed to give a black gloss to iron grates, stoves, railings, etc., and to diminish the friction of belts and other parts of machinery. It is also much used by electricians. Lately it has been suggested as a lubricating agent in the cartridges of rifles instead of lard or tallow.

ALAS they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.

Each spoke words of high disdain,
And insult to his heart's dear brother,
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which have been rent asunder.
A dreary sea now floats between,
But neither heat, nor frost nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The mark of that which once had been.

—Coleridge.

LOBELIA.

Warm and dry.
Corn-cutting in full blast. Corn is good.

Messrs. Sherman Clark and Henry McNeel passed through town yesterday on their way to the Knobs.

Jacob Moore, of Elk, was down after Mrs Moore, who has been here for two weeks waiting on her sister.

Mrs Susan Peck is better at this time, also Mrs Chris. Hill.

Mr Wanless and daughter of Back Alleghany, were in this section of late.

Some of the boys attended the picnic at Brushy Flat, in Greenbrier, last Saturday, and report a good time and good behavior. We must acknowledge that the citizens of our sister county keep better order than ours.

Thomas Smith is off to Ronceverte this week.

Alpheus Hill has built a new house on the Creek. We suppose he is fixing for a boarder!

Joseph Dean came in from Academy late Monday morning looking sleepy.

Professor Anderson is teaching the mountain school. OBSERVER.

For Sale: One No. 2 Egan planer, in good repair. Does first-class work. Has four-sided cylinder and full set of bits. For particulars call on or address

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Correspondence.

Fellow Teachers: We are engaged in a good and honorable calling, and all the world knows it. Let us then "with malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right" finish the work we are in, display a love for our work, a zeal for our cause, determination to vigorously maintain all our institutions of learning both public and private, to make them more efficient, and to improve every means of living and growing with the age, and thus shall we have washed our hands of the blood that must otherwise cry out against us.

We have much to encourage us. Since the organization of free schools in our midst, we have had opposition in almost every conceivable form. Blindness, ignorance, prejudice, and, in some instances, party and sectarian fanaticism, have all, in their turns and together arrayed themselves against the cause of free schools.

The system was introduced at a time of great public excitement when nothing of a civil or social nature could be expected to take deep hold upon the public heart, but it did not fail, nor has the State been left unrewarded. The elevation of the *teachers'* standard, alone, is a sufficient return to the State if she propose to continue her free schools, to say nothing of the good seed that has been sown, and the grand harvest of cultivated minds that have been, and shall be, gathered therefrom into the garner of the State, which shall nourish it until hath grown strong and mighty and every sinew thereof showeth a healthful vitality.

Let us still continue to improve ourselves in the art and skill of teaching, and, if the Boards of Education will furnish us the means, shall see *American* energy fully display itself in our midst in building a paladium around and over our social happiness and prosperity that will live long after our names have passed into the shades of oblivion. J. S. M.

MILL POINT, W. VA.

As SUNSHINE and rain,
Pleasure and pain,
Each day on some must fall;
So the wise thing to do,
If we only knew,
Is to make the best of it all.
—Selected.

Notice.

The trustees of the Marlinton sub-district will receive bids until noon on Saturday, September 28, 1895, for the furnishing wood stove lengths for the ensuing school term of the two schools at Marlinton. They reserve the right to reject any and all bids. Contract awarded at TIMES office on said day.

LEVI GAY,)
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REV. E. F. ALEXANDER.

Died, at the residence of Mr. John R. Warwick, near Green Bank, W. Va., on the 6th of May, Rev. Edgar Floyd Alexander, pastor of the Presbyterian church, surrounded by faithful and loving friends. May the God of all comfort lighten the grief in his distant home by the knowledge of his duty faithfully done. He was buried on the 8th, 10 a. m., at Liberty church, Green Bank. L.

MISS ELIZABETH BRUFFEY.

Died: of consumption, May 1, 1895, aged 17 years, oldest daughter of William and Martha Bruffey, on Hill's Creek, after a few months suffering. She was a Christian lady, highly respected by all who knew her, but the hand of death has been laid on her, and she has been taken from among her friends, who will mourn their loss, but she left a testimony behind, that she was ready to go at any time.

Asleep in Jesus, far from thee
Thy kindred, and their graves may be,
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

W. B. H.

Elk.

Perhaps a few items from this part of the country would not be objectionable.

Rev. Sharp preached an interesting sermon here last Sunday at which time a Sunday School was organized.

The farmers are busy planting corn.

Oats are looking fine this season and the outlook for good crops is favorable.

Randolph Hambrick had a horse choked to death on oats last Saturday night.

John Hannah, who has been visiting his daughters in Randolph and Webster counties, has returned home.

Draper Wees an accomplished stone-mason, from Highland county, will work on Elk this Summer. Those who want work done in this line will do well to call on him.

FARMER'S BOY.

The White House of the Confederacy is now used for a colored school house.

There are twenty-five women running country papers in Kansas.

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Rev. E. F. Alexander.

The Rev. Edgar Floyd Alexander died May the 6th, 1895, at the home of Mr. John Warwick, near Green Bank, after an illness of one week.

He was a native of North Carolina, eldest son of Mr. D. L. Alexander, of Harrisburg, Cabarrus County. Immediately after his graduation at Union Seminary three years ago he was invited to supply the churches of Liberty, Baxter, Frost, and Driftwood, and was soon after installed pastor of the same. This pastoral relation was of a very pleasant character. Pastor and people became more attached as they came to know one another better. On the 28th of April he preached at Dunmore, from Matthew 9:36-38, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." This proved to be his last preaching service. Monday afternoon, after spending most of the day at Col. Prichard's he set out for Green Bank, apparently in good spirits. On the way he was seized with severe cramps, and being met by Mr. Warwick, who noticed there was something ailing him, persuaded him to return with him to the house and rest awhile. He did so, and was never able to reach his home. A complication of diseases developed and after a week's suffering Mr. Alexander died, at 4 p. m., a few minutes after a touching prayer for his father and mother, brother and sisters, his congregations, and the heathen far away had been fervently offered up.

He was buried May the 8th, in the grove close by Liberty church. The services were conducted by Rev. D. S. Sydenstricker, D. D., assisted by Revs. Maxwell and Price. The text was first Corinthians, 15:58, "Knowing that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." The obsequies were attended by one of the largest assemblies ever seen in this region. Though an exceedingly busy season, stores, shops, and farms were vacated, and a more than Sabbath stillness prevailed while the funeral exercises were in progress.

The acting pall-bearers were Elbert Warwick, Hunter Moomau, Wardell Arbogast, Matthews Hanna, Paris Yeager, and Robert Oliver. The selection of the acting pall-bearers was for the purpose of illustrating the peculiar esteem in which the deceased was held by young people of the various persuasions that attended his ministry. The honorary pall-bearers were S. B. Hanna, W. L. Brown, Dr. Moomau, J. B. McCutcheon, C. Pritchard, A. Dysard, C. Lightner, Geo. Kerr, Ed. McLaughlin, and John Doyle, elders and deacons of the various congregations present.

The grave was turfed and then decorated by a profusion of flowers, tastefully arranged as crowns, crosses, and anchors, expressive of the affectionate respect cherished for his memory by the ladies of his congregations.

"Soldier of Christ, well done,
Praise be thy new employ,
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior's joy."

W. T. P.

Capt. Adam Curry, an Officer of the Revolution.

A generation since, one of the best known characters in West Highland, Va., was Captain Adam Curry, a Revolutionary veteran. One of his grandsons, William Curry, Esq., is a well known citizen of Pocahontas County, and hence some items respecting him will be of interest to many of our readers.

Captain Curry was a native of Scotland, and came to America soon after the siege of Londonderry, and resided several years near Manassas Junction. He was among the first to enlist in the war of the Revolution, and was chosen captain of his company, and participated in all the engagements in which Virginia troops were engaged that followed Mercer and Washington. Soon after the war he gathered up the remnants of his property and emigrated to Augusta County, and located in the Back Creek Valley on property now owned by William Crummett, in south-west Highland.

He settled in the woods, and raised a large family of sons and daughters. He was honest in his dealings, and was held in much esteem for his high sense of honour and patriotic impulses. It seems almost too strange to be believed that he would not accept a pension offered him for his services as a brave and faithful officer in the Revolutionary struggle. He always declared that the service was its own reward. Instead of being a hardship, military service was the greatest pleasure of his life. He desired no better recompense than the fun he had and the pleasure it gave him to see liberty secured for his invaded country. He was proverbially neat in dress and polished in his manners. To the close of his life, some forty or fifty years since, he dressed in the colonial style; knee-breeches, long stockings, and shoes with silver buckles.

He was a diligent and thoughtful reader of the best books he could procure, and was well informed as to current events, keenly alive to all political questions bearing on the welfare of his country. He knew what it cost to purchase independence and start the government.

He retained his habits of court life as to his diet and sleeping as long as he lived. He died at the age of 105 years, with but few signs of decrepitude visible. To the last he was erect as a young grenadier, cheerful in spirit, and mental faculties active apparently as ever. His remains are in the Matheny grave-yard, near the Rehobeth church in the Back Valley, a few miles from his home.

A European traveller spent some time near Manassas, where Captain Curry lived before his removal to Highland. He speaks of meeting a party of gentlemen on a tavern porch: "No people could exceed these people in politeness. On my ascending the steps to the piazza every countenance seemed to say, 'This man has a double claim to our attention, for he is a stranger in the place.' In a moment there was room made for me to sit down, and every one who addressed me did it with a smile of conciliation. But no man asked me where I had come from or whither I was going. A gentleman in every country is the same; and if good breeding consists in sentiment, it was found in the circle I had got into. The higher Virginians seem to venerate themselves as men; and I am persuaded there was not one in company who would have felt embarrassed at being admitted to the presence and conversation of the greatest monarch on earth. There is a compound of virtue and vice in every human character; no man was ever yet faultless; but whatever may be advanced against Virginians their good qualities will ever outweigh their defects, and when the effervescence of youth has been abated, when reason asserts her empire, there is no man on earth who discovers more exalted sentiments, more contempt of easiness, more love of justice, more sensibility of feeling than a Virginian." Having lived for years in such society, we are prepared to believe all that has been written and told about Captain Adam Curry.

Come to the TIMES OFFICE for job-work.

Historical Collections.

Judge William McLaughlin, Rector of Washington & Lee University, Lexington, Va., assisted by Professor H. A. White, D. D., Ph. D., and Hon. Wm. A. Glasgow, is editing a very valuable series of historical papers.

The writer would hereby acknowledge the reception of No 5, just issued from the press, and express his grateful appreciation of the pleasure afforded him by its perusal.

Though the Judge has reached an eminence as jurist that will link his name with Marshall, Baxter, Brockenbrough, and other illustrious Virginians, for centuries to come, still nothing he has yet achieved will reflect more luster upon his name than the service he has rendered on these historical documents.

The current number continues Dr. Henry Ruffner's history, edited by his distinguished son, W. H. Ruffner, L. L. D.

There is a sketch of the life and services of Governor James McDowell, thrillingly interesting and instructive, by his daughter, Mrs. S. C. P. Miller.

There are also personal sketches of Lewis Ruffner, and George W. Summers, of West Virginia, one of the most eloquent orators of his day, and the renowned William S. Plumer, D. D., L. L. D.

The contents concluded with an interesting narrative of the services rendered the University by S. McDowell Reid, Esq., as Trustee, who in his time was one of the best known citizens of Rockbridge County.

W. T. P.

Accidents in the Woods.

Sully White, the gigantic lumberman, of Driscoll, who has been working in Kirsche's Camp, on William's River, came near being killed last week. He was sawing and a limb from a tree fell. As he looked up the snag part of struck him full in the face, by the nose, and tore its way underneath the cheek until it appeared at the back of his head, he was thrown down and pinned to the ground, and his neck was nearly broken. Dr. Price attended him, and as the accommodations for nursing him were very scant at the camp, he was removed to Andy Taylor's, where he is getting along very nicely. The snag barely missed cutting the jugular and other large veins of the neck.

Walter Cole, of this county, working in this region, had his foot badly hurt by having a spike, such as is used in the slides, driven through it. It is considered a very dangerous wound.

Jim Butler, of Bath, well-known in this county, cut his foot dangerously.

Sudden Death.

Last week Mr. Peter Overholt, an aged citizen of this county, died very suddenly at his home near Lobelia. He had taken buckets and gone out to milk. He returned and seated himself in a chair. Without any warning he fell. He whispered a few unintelligible words after he had fallen, but never breathed again.

Big Land Deal.

ELKINS, W. VA., May 20.—Mabis & McClue, of Pittsburg, yesterday closed the purchase of the Goff and Arnold estates, comprising 7,000 acres of land on the headwaters of Roaring Creek, for which they paid \$350,000 cash.

The cutting, sawing, and handling of the timber on these estates will employ two hundred men five years, involving a cost of \$700,000, and the output of sawed lumber is estimated at 200,000,000 feet.

The great Roaring Creek coal beds crop out in many places on the property, at times showing a face of twenty feet, while the whole survey is covered with soft, white sandstone, invariably found where petroleum exists.

The purchasers will begin operations on a gigantic scale at once, their mills being located at the mouth of Flat Bush. The deal is the largest ever consummated in this State.—*Wheeling Register.*

NOTICE: all persons owing me will take this as notice, that I must have money, and they will come in and pay up within ten days from this date, if they wish to save cost.

May 17th, 1895. S. W. HOLZ.

We have been rain and sunning weather and wheat are maturing. There was quite a hard rain on the 11th. The Johnstown deal of damage done. Corn is ed out. It seeped out. It can look as ever washed away.

Prof. G. E. tend the Normal. We wish him that every effort.

Mr. C. E. D. popular young his best girl S.

Keep on the keys are quaking. Our Sunday in interest. This communitarian praise for their in the Sabbath.

Mr. George business trip.

The small stream the late fresh rivers.

Prof. C. E. in this part so lessons.

Mr. W. J. M. large black-sn 5 feet and the

A great sea here last Saturday. Gibsons left home in a fish. Hisiously for his and fearing drowned, the fact that the neighborhood os him. But was at its height came home a kitchen crying that the boy fallen asleep that night had.

Rev. Lacy Sunday. A to hear him.

cold weather will have to be. Jim Gibsons brick, and Bu three bear cutting killing the old ing well and.

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NEW AD

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The Evolution of the News Item.

Nothing affords keener interest than to read the great number of West Virginia newspapers. They are the indicators of the state of affairs in their respective counties, and readers see what is filling the minds of the people of the different sections, as far as he has any business to know. Of minor interest is the watching the evolution of the News Item as it is printed for many a weary week, gathering interest as it makes its round. To illustrate the point, we will suppose there has been an occurrence in this county which the local press reports, and the exchanges copy as follows:

"YESTERDAY Bill Stone and Ed. Blain had an altercation on the street, having fallen out over a trifling matter, and blows passed. They were soon separated and fined by the Mayor \$1 each and costs."—*Pocahontas Post*.

"IN Pocahontas County, last week Messrs. William Stone and Edward Blaine, two prominent citizens, met at the county seat and engaged in fisticuffs, having fallen out over a woman. Both were badly bruised, and arrested and fined \$10 each and costs."—*Greenbrier Gossip*.

"A BLOODY battle took place in Pocahontas County, last week, between William Stone and Edward Blaine, two extensive stock raisers of that county. They fell out concerning the ownership of a steer. Stone struck Blaine with his cane, Blaine returned the blow, and a desperate fight ensued. Blaine had his ear bitten off, Stone was left unconscious on the field, and both were bound over to await the action of the grand jury."—*Hardy Hustler*.

"LAST week, two prominent land-owners named Stone and Blaine of Pocahontas County, came to the Clerk's office to settle a controversy concerning a tract of land. They got into a dispute and soon opened hostilities. Stone threw a paper-weight at Blaine and knocked him down, and jumped on him and trampled him most brutally. The County Clerk, who tried to separate them, was dangerously cut by Blaine, and both were badly injured. Stone was arrested, and gave bail for his appearance at Court in the sum of \$1000."—*Martinsburg Multiplier*.

Special to The Regulator:
"News has reached us of a bloody affray in Pocahontas County. Yesterday Big Bill Stone and 'Cap.' Ed. Blaine, two noted desperadoes from Bitter Creek, came into the county seat of that county and met on the main street of the town. Bad blood existed between the two young men on account of a rivalry occasioned by both paying attention to old man Dave Sundown's pretty daughter, Pamela. Both were armed with revolvers. 'Big Bill' ensconced himself behind a horse-block, and 'Cap' took refuge behind an empty coal-oil barrel. They both fired a number of times without effect, and the street was deserted. Finally they threw their revolvers away, by mutual consent, and advanced to have it out with their fists. 'Cap' Blaine had a spring dirk with which he stabbed 'Big Bill,' who was trying to open his pocket knife. Stone cannot recover, and Blaine has been remanded to jail and bail refused."—*Wheeling Regulator*.

"REV. C. R. GOODMAN has commenced his evangelical labors in Pocahontas County, West Virginia. His work lies in a rugged county lying on the summits of the Alleghanies, and among the rough mountaineers of that section. But recently a couple of desperadoes met at the county seat and engaged in a fusillade of rifles and small arms in which both were killed. The people are used to such occurrences, and simply ran away and hid until the outlaws were done butchering each other. With such characters does the Rev. Goodman have to deal, and whom he will endeavor to reclaim as brands are snatched from the burning. May he be abundantly blessed in his labors, is the wish of *The Christian Receiver*."

COWPER read only his Bible and his prayer book.

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S. Teacher's Summer Normal for 1895.

TO THE TEACHERS OF POCAHONTAS CO:
Through the instrumentality of Prof. D. L. Barlow, we have arranged to hold a Normal for teachers at Marlinton, the four weeks previous to the opening of the County Institute.

To the wide-awake and progressive teachers, the many advantages of attending a Normal is apparent. When we take a glance at the various professions, teaching especially, we notice that the leaders therein are those who are wide-awake, and are constantly striving to better qualify themselves for their positions. The grave responsibility of the teacher imperatively demands that he thoroughly qualify himself for his work. God has entrusted to us no duty so responsible as the teaching and culture of the young mind. The duties of the farmer, mechanic, physician, etc., are necessary to the well-being of society, but they all relate to that which is temporary and perishable; while teaching in its primary and full sense embraces that preparation which must necessarily be made by mortal beings for the full enjoyment of life beyond the grave. The teacher should enter upon his work with motives the purest that can actuate human conduct, for if there is any work divinely appointed, it is that of teaching. The time has arrived when teachers must not perform their work mechanically, but according to scientific principles, which govern the relations of means to ends in education. Teaching aims to train, instruct, and develop to their fullest capacity the various powers and faculties of man to make him as perfect as his nature will admit, to cause him to fulfill worthily the sphere God has designed for him. It should be the ambition of every teacher to keep pace with the times. Those who hold *second grade certificates* ought not to be satisfied till they can get a *first grade*, and if there is any who hold a *third grade certificate* they should not be satisfied with present attainments.

The object of this Normal is to afford teachers, and those preparing to teach, excellent facilities to equip themselves for the coming year's work; and will especially fit them for examination. With the latter end in view, the session is to close just as the County Institute begins, giving those who attend the advantage of entering the contest with their newly acquired powers in store.

By means of the best methods available, the whole public school curriculum will be covered as thoroughly as the time will possibly permit. Special attention will be given to the *Science and Art* of teaching, by investigating the scientific principles upon which it is based; and then giving in a practical manner, the latest methods of teaching each branch. Every teacher, who has the good of his profession at heart, should not neglect to avail himself of this opportunity. Do not allow yourself to be persuaded that your wages are too low to enable you to attend such a school, but first, through sacrifice if necessary, qualify yourself for your work, and then demand higher wages and you will be sure to get them. There are always ready positions for those who are masters of their professions.

Hoping to meet a goodly number of the teachers of Pocahontas this Summer at Marlinton, I am, yours for work,
P. B. FITZWATER,
May 17, 1895. Bridgewater, Va. (College.)

P. S.—For circulars, or further information address me as above, or Prof. D. L. Barlow, Edray, W. Va. Any one desiring boarding accommodations address Prof. Barlow as above. As soon as we know what time the County Institute will be held, we will announce through the *TIMES* the exact time for beginning the Normal.

Strength of Wood.

"As a result of nearly 40,000 tests of timber made at the laboratory of the Washington University of St. Louis, under the direction of the forestry division of the Department of Agriculture," says *Railway Engineering and Mechanics*, "the following facts have been determined: Seasoned timber is about twice as strong as green timber, but well seasoned timber

loses its strength with the absorption of moisture; timbers of large sections have equal strength per square inch with small ones when they are equally free from blemish; knots are as great a source of weakness in a column as in a beam; long-leaved pine is stronger than the average oak, and bleeding timber does not impair its qualities. It is stated that a large amount of chestnut felled in Alabama for the tanbark was allowed to rot because its value for railroad ties was not known. The Division of Forestry called attention to the superiority of this timber for ties, and the wood is now so utilized, with a saving to that region alone of nearly \$50,000 per year."

A Beautiful Valley.

(Independent.)

Capt. T. G. Morton, writing to the *Richmond Dispatch* from Hillsboro, in the Little Levels of Pocahontas County, says:

"This is just about the prettiest little valley I ever saw, and I have seen Max Meadows, in Pulaski; Crab Bottom, in Highland; the Yadkin Valley, in North Carolina; the Seneca, in New York, and lots of others. The wheat fields are fine, the blue-grass and clover pastures luxuriant and dotted over with sugar maples, and prettiest of trees, which don't hurt the grass, and the mountains gradually sloping down to the lowlands, green from the bottom to the 'tippest top.' The best clover, I have seen grows right on the top one of the highest Droop mountains, where Averill and Echols fought that unfortunate engagement in 1862, followed a few moments later by a battle still more disastrous to the Yankees at the White Sulphur."

When a bee brings pollen into the hive, he advances to the cell in which it is to be deposited and kicks it off; another bee, one of the indoor hands, comes and rams it down with his head and packs it in the cell as the dairy-maid packs butter into a firkin.—*John Burroughs*. We would prefer not to have any dairy-maid pack our butter that way.—*Traveler's Record*. If our butter must be packed in that way let it be done by a bald-headed dairy-maid.—*Rome Sentinel*. As for ourselves we will not have any but her.

A large Pittsburg iron-works advanced the wages of several hundred of its employees 15 per cent. All this, and many more under the Wilson tariff.—*Post*.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—don't stain your teeth, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood,
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

HOME NEWS

A good many chancery suits have been brought by local attorneys for May rules.

Capt. Smith has broken ground for a fine brick mansion which will be completed by fall.

Land is high in Crab Bottom, Highland county. Recently a farm of 86 acres was sold for \$5,000.

Died: On Stoney Creek, Martha Wilson, a little colored girl, daughter of Jim Wilson, of consumption, aged 12 years.

Mr. Uriah Bird, the proprietor of the Pocahontas Hotel is building a large addition to his property. There is great activity in the hotel circles.

The iron fence for the courthouse square has been recently hauled, and the work of construction is now going on. Around the jail will be a fifteen-foot fence, which will prevent any one from straying near the windows of the prisoners' cells.

Hereafter only a privileged few will be able to obtain a view of the jail while there are any prisoners confined therein. Jailer Siple had notices printed this week to the effect that only those who had express permission would be allowed to visit the jail, and so idle sight-seers will be barred a view of the unfortunates.

The bodies of two attractive young females were recently found in a church in San Francisco. Suspicion rests upon a young medical student, who is supposed to have a mania for investigating feminine ailments. They were pupils of a Normal school, and were about ready to enter upon upon their chosen profession as teachers.

It seems that the North Pole has been discovered at last by Dr. Jansen, a Norwegian explorer. It was found in a range of mountains and the spot marked by the flag of Norway. Those who had hoped that this honor was in store for our own stars and stripes may console themselves by the reflection the South Pole remains open to all adventurers.

The greater part of April was monopolized by the March moon, and so we have had March weather in April. The April moon runs far into May, and so let no one be impatient if May should seem capricious. The phases of the moon mark the real progress of the seasons, while the Julian Calendar is a human device, fixed and arbitrary, intended for the mere reckoning of time for social and business purposes.

The Rev. Sam Small retires from the position of managing editor of the Norfolk Pilot. He renounces for the future all personal and public concern with current politics, and will give his exclusive attention to his law business. This movement is made under fire, and he leaves his paper embarrassed with two law suits for heavy damages. From such friends may we all be delivered; helping us into trouble, but doing nothing to help us out.

Marietta, Ohio, has become a very familiar name for nameless reasons. The first court held in Ohio was at Marietta. It was opened by a considerable procession through an avenue cut of the primitive forest. The sheriff with his drawn sword was greatly admired by an Indian spectator, as he marched towards the courthouse leading the judge, lawyers, and citizen jurors. The Indian called the fine-looking sheriff "metuck," meaning the 'eye of a buck.' Hence the term "Buckeye" applied to the State.

Our colored friend Jim Jackson, of Macedonia, brought in a Staunton bride last Wednesday, and created quite a sensation as they passed through Marlinton driven by Jim's son, "Snowball." A reception was held at his ancestral hall that night, which was well attended. After that a "serenade" came off in which Joe Wilson fell over a stump and "liked to busted himself." The boys say Jim refused to come forth and be ridden on a rail. It made a busy day with the darkies. They attended a burial at Clover Lick, the reception, and the serenade all the same day.

The interesting information is communicated by the Rockingham Register that a contract has been signed for the construction of forty miles of the Chesapeake and Western Railroad, beginning at Elkton and coming westward through Rockingham County. Mr. Edward Purcell has been awarded the contract. He has had considerable experience in Southwest Virginia and Kentucky. It is expected work will begin about the middle of May. This means railway facilities within the limits of Pocahontas within eighteen months, from the east, unless unforeseen besetments arise.

In Tea Creek, a noted trout stream tributary to William's River, there is a rock which is considered as being excessively dangerous. Whoever steps on it falls down very hard. The stream is so narrow that the fisherman naturally steps on it, and when once he has rested his weight on it, it is impossible to keep from falling. The guides warn strangers, but it is seldom it fails to throw him who ventures up the stream. It is an innocent looking rock several feet square, slopes in every direction, and is smoother than glass.

Attention is called to H. A. Yeager's advertisement of sale by way of public auction of household and kitchen furniture and farming implements. Mr. Yeager will retire from the hotel business on the first of May, and the elegant hotel known as the Skyles House will be occupied by C. A. Yeager, the well known proprietor of the Marlinton House who will occupy both houses hereafter.

Messrs. J. E. Craddock, Alex. McLean, and J. C. Arbogast, from West Virginia, have been in Orange several days looking over our lumber interests, with a view to locating in this section. They went through some of the mills and went to the lake on the "Fannie" yesterday, and today went to Michigan camps to look over the timber.—Tribune (Tex.)

In Preston County Sheriff Shaw was shot by a horse thief whom he had arrested. Ex-Sheriff Jackson wounded the assassin, and the whole party, numbering four, then yielded and were lodged in jail. A lot of weapons and stolen jewelry was found on their persons.

A young man named Hanna, from Greenbrier County, while working on Overholt's sawmill, received a painful injury a few days since. It was feared that amputation of the arm might be necessary, but it is hoped he may recover without losing his arm.

Our friend R. V. Parkins, of Mill Point, has removed to Caldwell Station where he is in charge of a large roller flouring mill of the capacity of 50 bbls. daily. It was built by the Salem Machine Works at a cost of \$3,500.

Capt. Smith was highly elated over becoming the possessor of twin bull calves last week, as he says it is a sign of good luck. The calves were of good size and were beautiful animals. He traded them off to W. McClintic of Buckeye.

An fine-looking ox dropped dead in the street Wednesday. The yoke belonged to Mr. Uriah Bird, and were drawing a portable steam engine.

Mr. Ricketts has bought the racing mare, "Sparkle," of Mr. J. H. G. Wilson, and will run her the coming season.

McCollum-Moore.

A happy marriage was consummated Wednesday at 4 p. m., when Mr. George W. McCollum and Miss Jane Moore were united, by Rev. William T. Price, at the residence of the bride's father near town. The groom is a well-known business man of the county, and the bride, the oldest daughter of Aaron Moore, Esq., is a charming young lady. A few friends were invited to witness the ceremony, and report a delightful time. The newly married couple will reside on the groom's farm near this place.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to pass through my place with horses or to trespass on my land in any other way, and that all trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

CINDA A. SHINNBERY.

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Dr. J. on a trip. Mr. P. ed from Capt. from Hil tend to s. Attorn ton wer Grose's Tuesday. Mr. J. verte, ha week. Mr. M. William er Coun week.

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Editor I

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Adjudged a Lunatic.

George Gardner, the young man who only last week was released from jail, was again arrested by R. M. Beard and Walter Clark, of Academy. He was examined by Justice Curry, who heard the report of Dr. McClintic, the medical expert who had been called, and was adjudged a lunatic. Application for admittance to the asylum at Weston was forwarded at once, and Gardner was brought on to jail at this place to wait until he can be received at the asylum.

Gardner's lunacy seems to take the form of wishing to appear a desperado, and he puts his trust in a revolver. It was for his careless handling of a revolver in this town that he was imprisoned for thirty days. That revolver and his surplus jewelry was levied on by a constable for the costs of his case. When he got out his first thought was to secure possession of another six-shooter. He bought a suit of clothes and other things on credit at one of the stores of Academy, and then traded some of the goods for a revolver. He seemed to be in his element and fired his cartridges in very correct style. He talked wildly and was so fond of "making threats" against everyone, it was thought best for his own good and for the safety of the neighborhood that he should be taken care of.

He came near being shot at Mr Tom Callison's, on Locust Creek. He came strolling around the house after the doors were locked for the night, and had not the night been light enough to enable Mr Callison to recognize him, he would most likely have received a shot, as he refused to answer when having been spoken to. The special constables say that every body considers him as "crazy as a June-bug."

Died.

AUNT SARAH MORRISON.

Aunt Sarah Morrison died May 30th, aged 77 years, after a short illness. She leaves five daughters, namely: Mrs. Doctor Buzzard and Mrs. Rachel Casebolt, of Iowa; Mrs. Isaac Williams, of Kansas; and Mrs. Nancy Hill, and Mrs. Joel R. Hill, of Jacob and Lobelia. She was a devoted mother, and a faithful Christian for fifty-five years. Her home was near the residence of Mr. Doctor C. Hill, who has helped to care for her for many years. Her death recalls the tragic death of her husband, who was killed 35 years ago. He was working in the mill, and slipped and fell, was caught by a cogged water wheel, and carried around with it until his body stopped the mill. His crushed and lifeless body was found by his family in the dark hours of the night.

W. B. H.

CHURCH NOTES.

The evangelist, C. M. Howard, has just closed a meeting at Crab Bottom, Va. Eighty persons, most adults, professed to have decided for Christ, and declared their intention to unite with the church, most of whom will unite with the Presbyterian and Methodist churches. It is thought to be by far the most effective meeting ever held here. The people drank in with eagerness the copious instruction of the evangelist. He is now holding a meeting at Franklin, Pendleton county, W. Va., with Rev. J. S. Smith.—*Exchange.*

There will be singing at Baxter church (Dunmore) Sunday morning at 10 a. m. and preaching at 11 a. m.

Notice.

There will be a meeting of the Board of Education of Edray District at Edray, June 15, 1895 at 1 P. M. All persons having claims against the building funds are required to present the same for adjustment. By order of the Board of Education. J. E. BARLOW, 2t. Secretary.

BEE-KEEPERS
LOOK HERE! PRICES
WAY DOWN!

Ware's latest improved hive is now taking the lead. Is lower than it has ever been sold before. Our Junior Hive (same size as Root's Dove-tailed Hive) at Root's prices. Also will trade hives for bees or bees-wax. Bees-wax made into foundation for half. Write for our cash terms. Address, WARE & TRIMBLE, Valley Head, Randolph Co. W. Va.

A Bit Out of the Past.

The first sabbath-school gathered of Marlinton, in 1833, was taught at the old Poage house that stood near the orchard in lower Marlinton. It had two teachers, the late James A. Price and his wife, Margaret. They were living in a log tenement near the Powell Spring, where the brick for the new court-house were made last summer. John Williams, a renter, occupied the Poage house. This family afterwards lived in Huntersville, and thence moved to Missouri.

There were two classes, Testament class and spelling-book class. Mrs Price taught the first and her husband the other. Mrs. Price brought her two children, one a son in his 3d year the other a daughter in her 1st year. A Miss Williams minded the children by way of assistance. The school opened at ten o'clock, had a recess at noon for an hour when lunch was eaten, and then an afternoon session closing about three p. m.

Ruth McCollum, now the aged Mrs Kee, was a member of the Testament class. Her brothers, Isaac and James, were in the spelling class. Jennie, Betty, and Samuel Gay, children of William Gay on the mountain, were also scholars in this school. Hannah, Robert, and Polly, children of Samuel Gay, attended also. This family lived on the farm now owned by George Gibson, a son of Polly.

The venerable James McCollum remembers the first lesson read from the spelling-book, and he never felt his importance more than when he was called on to stand up and show how well he could recite his reading lesson, which was in these words, "He who came to save us will wash us from our sins. I will be glad in His name."

Mr McCollum has a remarkable memory and it is well stored with interesting recollections, which it is hoped he will commit to writing for the instruction and pleasure of many friends.

Proposed Railway.

The latest advices from Harrisonburg, as given by the Hockingham Register, state that a number of New York gentlemen were there last week on business connected with the work on the new C. & W. Railroad. They will not give out anything for the papers, but hint that matters are in a very satisfactory condition, and a cheerful feeling pervades the circle of their confidential friends. The time lost in preliminary work will be made up by vigorous work when operations are actually begun. The signs indicate that the road will cross the B. & O. south of the town and head for Bridgewater and Monterey.

EDRAY ITEMS.

Warm, warmer, warmest weather ever felt. Too warm for a lazy man.

Farmers are busy working their corn.

Our Sunday School is progressing nicely under the management of Mr Henry Barlow. The question given the school for next Sunday is, "What was the last word Christ spoke on earth?"

Quite a large crowd listened to a very instructive sermon delivered by Rev. W. T. Price at Hamlin Chapel Sunday.

Mr McClintic, the miller at McLaughlin's mill, is doing the best work that has been done there for several years.

Keep your eye on the gobbler! A wedding soon. JAM.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

MARLINTON HOUSE.

Located near Court House.
Terms.

per day 1.00
per meal 25
lodging 25

Good accommodations for horses at 25 cents per feed.
Special rates made by the week or month.

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor.

'Ware! The Smallpox!

Several times lately men have been heard to say that tramps were never so plentiful as they are this season. The number of stragglers on foot has been noticed even in Marlinton. The most plausible construction to be put on this is that these undesirable visitors are here because of the smallpox in the Valley. The tramp finds himself greatly hampered. Let him go as he will he will run against some "fool quarantine measure," and his only hope is to go through Pocahontas or Pendleton and strike his favorite haunts again.

The enlightened people of the mountain counties, a happy-go-lucky race, are up to this time bearing with the tramps' presence, grumbling a little to be sure, but many are still feeding and harboring them. The citizens of the county should make it a matter of principle not to feed or shelter any of these west-bound vagrants. As for refugees, they carry terror with them wherever they go. Let a man once get a chance of infection of any dangerous disease and his first impulse is to fly from the danger, even tho he is carrying it with him. A thousand stragglers might pass through this county, which is the only road open to them, and no one be harmed, but the next one might bring the disease to depopulate half the county.

A pedestrian was harbored near Marlinton. He was placed under arrest and kept at the place for a day or two until the local Board of Health met and disposed of his case. Then the quarantined parties were ready to bring an action of damages against Board, County, or State, or all three, to show their appreciative and co-operative spirit.

Once more! Remember! Lock up the generous and hospitable impulse to give tramps food or shelter, and make the county so bare for them that they cannot travel across its bounds.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Sketches of Local Interest.

In many respects the valley of Knapp's Creek is one the most inviting of our county. From Driscoll to Frost and beyond is a series of interesting views, attractive to the eye. This valley is formed by Brown's Mountain on the west, and the Alleghenies on the east. Tradition derives its name from Knapp Gregory, a noted hunter and Indian scout, traces of whose cabin are yet visible near Peter L. Cleek's gate. One of the features which characterize the mountain scenery, is the number peaks and ridges, all of which are named, and by their names they are so well known to hunters and cattle rangers, that they can give each other all needed information as to the whereabouts of stock or game, seen by each one respectively, while in the ranges.

At the head of the valley stands Paddy's Knob, near where the road crosses into Highland county. It was recently used for a signal station and it is a favorite resort in summer for picnic parties from the two states, it overlooks. Its name was owing to this incident. Several years since, two hunters were watching a lick, and by mistake killed a horse named Paddy, belonging to Townsends on Back Creek.

Mad Sheep named from a sheep that showed signs of hydrophobia.

Mad Tom, Hickman's Ridge, Old Hump, Squirrel Ridge, opposite Moore's Sawmill; Shumate Ridge, near Wise Herold's; Moses Ridge, near Andrew Herold's; Forked Ridge, opposite Brown Moore's.

Jake's Ridge, near Dennis Dever's named after Jacob Lightner.

Next is Peter's Ridge, named after Peter Lightner. It was along these ridges, Peter Lightner and his son Jacob Lightner went out to the range with their stock. Straight Ridge, near Hugh Dever's; Evick Ridge, opposite Newton Moore's, named after J. Evick, the noted gun-maker. He lived on the upper part of the Harper place, on the east side of the creek. Little Mountain Spur is opposite Harper's Mill.

At Daugherty's Ridge opposite Sunset, the main summit of the Alleghany disappears, and Lockridge Ridge begins, and with the Alleghany, it forms the Laurel Run valley, through which Laurel creek winds its sinuous course until it blends with Douthard's Creek.

Tradition reports that a Colonel Knisewander from Shenendoah county early in the century came on frequent hunting excursions. During one of these he was pursuing a wounded deer by its bloody trail, and while crossing a drain putting into Laurel Creek, he found a bright metallic substance that he believed to be silver or lead. Thinking he could find the place easily, he kept on after his game. In the meantime heavy rains intervened and he could never find the place, even after repeated efforts to do so. This information was derived from the late venerable George Kee, an intimate friend of Colonel Knisewander.

No political party would ever dare go back to the McKinley bill and its unreasonable taxes.



E. H. SMITH

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The Mormans.

A couple of Mormon missionaries are working on Becca's Creek, a neighborhood near Huttonsville, in Randolph county. They preach at night in school-houses and attract large crowds most of whom are there from pure curiosity. During the day the men visit the houses of the more ignorant householders, and seem to try particularly to convert young girls to their faith. This is believed to be because they want recruits for their harems. However the Mormon of the present day is not supposed to have any more wives than any one else, and if he does indulge in the plurality of wives, it is in the same surreptitious manner that is followed in christian States.

The preaching of the missionaries is dull and uninteresting, and they deal out platitudes that seem to make the people tired. "Joseph Smith and him persecuted" is their text. There is a little talk of tar and feathers and other little personalities to be indulged in if they do not disappear soon.

WILLIAMS' RIVER ITEMS.

We are having nice weather for lumbering, and trout fishing is the call of the day. Trout are not so plentiful as they were a few years ago. The yell of the panther is heard once in a while.

About two-thirds of the camp boys on Williams' River are from Pocahontas County. Work is flourishing here now. The camps have been over-crowded with men this spring and summer.

Dr. J. W. Price gives us a call every week.

S. J. Payne gave us a pleasant to-day.

We are glad to learn that the smallpox is not as close as was reported.

We have Sunday School at the Haynes school-house every Sunday.

Some of the boys have a hankering down the River on Sunday. It is feared that the "pig's ear" will do much harm to the camps.

Withrow McClintie is trying to locate a lumbering job in this vicinity.

CHARITY.

June 8, 1895.

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ALEX. ARMSTRONG.

Found Guilty by the Jury.

"We, the jury, find the defendant, Alexander Armstrong, guilty, as charged in the within indictment," or words to that effect, is what the gentlemen all said when they came down last Friday evening at dusk. Thus ended the trial of Armstrong which has created more interest in the county than any criminal proceeding in years, and for the offense of robbery with weapons for which the least sentence is ten years. Four entire days were consumed by the trial. During that time the court-room was thronged, the people clambering to the windows and jamming the doorways in their eagerness to see and hear. For the first time in the times of Marlinton court, ladies were in attendance, and all during the trial a group of ladies were to be seen seated inside the bar, interested spectators, who were constantly wishing to know what was going to be done next.

The jury was under the strict surveillance of the Sheriff, and were kept closely together. The whole indicated the most careful proceedings to give the accused a fair trial. The Judge's rulings were considered carefully, and the authorities constantly resorted to settle disputed points.

When the verdict was rendered Armstrong's face showed no change and he said nothing. He was sent back to jail to await sentence and motions for new trial, etc., and walked to the jail closely guarded by three officers.

In giving the testimony only that part which fixes the crime on the prisoner can be set forth. It may be necessary to explain that Alex. Armstrong is a young light mulatto, aged 37, home Marietta, Ohio, who left Pocahontas in 1883. Taught school while here, and was best known in the Levels District. Had worked for Captain Edgar, and one of the points of prosecution was to show that the robbery must have been committed by some person familiar with the country. Cumberland is a strange negro, with absolutely the most unprepossessing face the writer has ever seen.

THE JURY.

Clark Kellison, David Gragg, B. L. Kerr, James Gibson, Jr., Giles Sharp, R. B. Kerr, Caswell Kellar, William H. Dilley, W. H. Hannah, Henry Wooddell, Oscar Orndorff, J. L. Hudson.

L. M. McClintic and John A. Preston represented the prosecution, and H. S. Rucker and John W. Stephenson the defendant.

The indictment being jointly against Armstrong and Cumberland, the prisoner's counsel asked for a severance, and Armstrong's case was taken up.

TESTIMONY- CAPT. A. M. EDGAR.

Capt. Edgar related the circumstances of the robbery on the 4th of January, 1894, and described his assailants who entered his house early in the night and took \$21 from his person. Described the men which tallied with the figures of the prisoners. When it came to the identification of the prisoner, Capt. Edgar said: "Gentlemen, it is very hard to know a masked man well covered up; I haven't any doubt in my own mind that we have the proper men, but would hesitate to swear to the identification of a masked man."

MRS A. M. EDGAR.

Mrs Edgar testified that on the night of the robbery she engaged the taller robber in conversation and did all she could to detain him until help came, that she observed him as closely and studied his appearance as carefully as possible so that she might identify him again, and thinks it was Alex. Armstrong.

HON. C. E. BEARD.

Passed two negroes near Mill Point about daylight on January 3, 1894. Could not place the one who looked familiar at the time, but believed firmly shortly after that it was the prisoner. Thinks he would have recognized him at the time had he not thought him

dead.

CHARLES LEE (COL.)

Met the two negroes on same morning near same place. The taller man covered up part of his face with a handkerchief, as the afraid of being recognized.

MRS MARY SMITH

Lives near Mill Point, several miles from scene of robbery. Two colored men ate breakfast at her house on morning of robbery, Jan. 4, 1894. On being asked if the prisoner was the man who ate breakfast at her house, answered, "Yes, sir, I think he is the man—he looks like him."

MRS MARY SMITH

Mother of preceding witness. "They look like the men, and I believe they are the men as far as I know."

MRS MARY WADE

Daughter of preceding witness. Haven't seen them since that morning until now. "Do you see them now?" "I think so." Pointed out Armstrong and Cumberland.

R. K. BURNS, DEPUTY-SHERIFF. Testified to pursuit and arrest of prisoner, who passed under the name of Diggs, in January, 1895.

STEWART BROTHERS (COL.)

Hauling wood on morning of day of robbery, saw two strange negroes at about 100 yards. Geo. Stewart remarked at the time that one of them walked like Alex. Armstrong.

S. J. PAYNE

Accosted Armstrong on the streets of Hillsboro the day of arrest, and Armstrong denied his name.

HON. S. M. CLARK.

Horses taken from his barn on night of robbery. Course taken to Lewisburg turnpike showed the thieves had a knowledge of the country. Saw two men on Droop Mountain by camp fire on New Year's night, 1894. The one tallying with the description of Armstrong did not allow the light from the fire to shine on his face.

CHARLES SHUE

Saw two men on Droop Mountain by camp fire on New Year's night, 1894. The one tallying with the description of Armstrong did not allow the light from the fire to shine on his face.

ULYSES GRANT, (COL.)

Brother-in-law to prisoner. Met him in December 1893 or January 1894, between Ronceverte and Lewisburg. Talked with him but Armstrong insisted he was mistaken. On cross-examination witness became confused, and said February came before January, and mixed himself up and retired in confusion. Came in next day to explain and straighten out testimony. Grant is very intelligent when at himself.

W. H. OTT

Lives between Lewisburg and Ronceverte. Walked down the hill with two men before day on morning of February 5th. Did not swear positively to prisoner. One of the men inquired for Lewis Hull, and the way to a restaurant.

MALVERN OVERHOLT

Testified that Ulyses Grant was with him on one trip and that he met and talked with two men.

G. H. PERKINS

Keeps a restaurant in Lewisburg. Two men came there for breakfast early one morning the first of January. Swears positively to prisoner. "He's got the same tongue!" Prisoner said he'd been to Marlinton and Mill Point, and was going home to Marietta, Ohio. Question. "Do you believe the prisoner at the bar to be the same man who ate breakfast at your house?" "I do as truly as I believe I draw a breath. The man talked so intelligently that I marked him well."

ARCH LEWIS, (COL.)

Worked in Perkin's restaurant. Says the prisoner is one of the men they fed that morning.

M. J. MCNEEL, ESQ.

Witness testified that Lewis Hull colored, lived in the Levels at the same time that Alex. lived there.

JAMES H. DOYLE

Testified to Armstrong's attempt to break jail.

THE DEFENSE.

In writing up this case, as the writer has remarked, the details of

the testimony can not be given. The point of the case, rested more on the question of whether Armstrong was in Pocahontas the first days of January, 1894, or elsewhere. This report gives substantially the evidence tending to show the whereabouts of Armstrong at that time. As will be seen, it is exactly opposite positive testimony being given on both sides.

FRANK CUMBERLAND, (COL.) Age 29. Saw prisoner in Marietta, Ohio, on both the 4th and 5th. Fixes date by delivery of express package. Came to Pocahontas January 1, 1895, to find a lumber camp and play poker with the boys.

ALEX. ARMSTRONG.

Being sworn in his own behalf, denied specifically all evidence tending to show he had been here the first days of January, 1894. Was in Marietta, Ohio. Came to this county to play poker. Traveled under the name of Diggs because he had cheated William H. Overholt out of a horse before he left Pocahontas, and did not wish to have trouble about it. Had not been in Pocahontas since he left in April, 1883.

JUSTICE, (COL.)

Colored porter at Bellevue Hotel. Saw Cumberland early on the morning of the 5th waiting for Armstrong to get an express package. Is Armstrong's brother-in-law. Fixes date by express office books.

LEONARD P. MURPHY, (COL.) Father-in-law of prisoner. Saw Armstrong on 5th of January, 1894, 11 a. m. Fixes date by memorandum made the 4th of sale of barber shop.

IDA M. ARMSTRONG, (COL.) Prisoner's wife. Is positive that he was at home the first days of January, 1894.

OLARA ARMSTRONG, (COL.) Student at Marietta high school. Saw Armstrong on 3d of January, 1894. Fixes date by school report. Is not related to prisoner.

JAMES ROONEY.

Blacksmith. To the best of his knowledge and belief it was the 3d or 4th of January that he and Armstrong went to a neighboring village together on a trip.

BION E. GEORGE GUYTON.

Attorney at law, etc. Is positive that Armstrong paid him some money, interest on mortgage, on the 4th or 5th.

LAWYER LAFOLLETTE.

Gives evidence respecting overcoat belonging to prisoner.

The depositions of two witnesses were ruled out on exceptions. Mr Preston opened the argument. Mr Stephenson and Mr Rucker followed for the defense. Mr McClintic closed the argument for the State, a day having been consumed in the argument of the case.

To the lovers of books, it may be interesting to learn that the output in England and America, for 1895, was 4,484, which was 650 books less than 1893. To keep up then with the new issues, a person would have to read ten or eleven books per day. Law books more numerous than in 1893, but juvenile publications much less than 1893. It seems singular that in these exciting times that novels should be the most numerous of all the new issues from the teeming presses in America. The next in point of circulation are books on political and social science then in the order mentioned, theology, religion, biography, history, travels, and poetry. The greatest number of importations from over the ocean, was in theology and religion. A book has to be a good one to receive recognition at the hand of publishers. Where one has been received, perhaps dozens have been rejected. The mental activity of the age is certainly phenomenal. How shallow too it must be when fiction leads in public favor.

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Cutting Affray.

Exaggerated reports are in circulation as to the cutting affray at the Marlinton House one evening during Court. The writer has taken pains to get at the true state of the case. Jeff Houchin, one of the strongest men of the Upper End, came near stabbing his best friend, Assessor C. O. Arbogast, being crazy with drink. Mr Arbogast had interposed and taken Houchin from the drug-store where he was apt to get into trouble. In the back-yard of the hotel he fancied he had a grievance with Arbogast, and in spite of the efforts of good friends of Houchin he seemed determined to get at Arbogast. After some scuffling, Houchin was drawing a revolver when he was disarmed by Walker Yeager just in time. He then drew a large knife and made for Arbogast, who kept him off by pounding him with a club. The club finally became worn so short that it was useless as a weapon. He then ran and fell, Houchin pursuing him with an uplifted knife, and just as it seemed that the next stab would be in the body of Arbogast, B. F. Hamilton, of Split Rock, struck Houchin across the neck with a club and knocked him down. He was arrested and taken to jail. Mr Arbogast's clothes were cut to pieces, and he had a wound in his hand from fending the knife.

No one regretted the occurrence for Houchin's sake more than did Mr Arbogast. He fully realized his friend's condition and will do all in his power to ease the prosecution of the State. He furnished bail and signed the bail-bond himself. Houchin spent the night in jail and was brought before Squire Grose the next morning. He was one mass of bruises, and had no recollection of what had taken place the evening before. Examination was waived, and he was admitted to bail in the sum of \$500, which was furnished as mentioned above.

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The Pocahontas Times.

As will be noticed this week the proprietors of this paper enlarge the space of home reading matter and drop the patent side, believing that it will result in a more satisfactory paper for everyone concerned. The lack of railroad facilities make it almost impossible to make practical use of patent sides in newspaper work, and the matter is often months old before it is put before the reader. To those reading a county paper, very little home-news matter will make up for the dead stuff usually found in patent sides, and which is of no account to an intelligent man. In the new form it is proposed that a better paper than has hitherto been issued will be furnished to subscribers.

WILLIAMS' RIVER.

We are having lots of rain, and everything is moving along lively. There are a number of logs in the river at this writing which cannot be moved until there comes a flood to carry them to Camden.

Turnbull & Kirsch will complete their job of cutting logs by the 4th. Dow & Burr placed nearly a million feet of lumber in the river last month.

Mr Peter Dow and wife have gone to Weston on a visit. It is hoped they will return for the 4th.

Quite a number of the camp boys are going to Marlinton to spend the 4th. We hope there will be a pleasant time there on that day.

The "pig's ear" we think must be in full blast, as one of its visitors on last Sunday was crazed enough to ride through a man's house, and think he had done no harm. We hope any reader of this paper will stop and think before they visit the reptile's den, that they may realize what it leads to.

Owen Kellison and Oliver Auldridge returned to their respective homes last Friday.

James Folks, of Bath County, returned home yesterday.

Some of the camp boys are much homesick. We think there is something more than home attractions that is taking them back to Pocahontas!

Darnell & Burr have moved into their new camp.

Withrow McClintic has commenced his job of lumbering. We wish him good luck.

Mr Giles Sharp, of Stony Creek, visited the camps last week, and traded his horse to Thompson & Messer for a yoke of oxen.

This has been more business in this vicinity this season than in all the surrounding country. We hope business will revive more generally and give employment to more of the laboring men. CHARITY.

CLOVER LICK.

Rev. Henry McLaughlin preached quite an interesting sermon at this place last Sunday from John 13:33.

Mr J. C. Price and wife have been visiting their relatives in Highland County, Va. Mr Price returned with a fine new wagon which his brother-in-law, Mr Williams, had made for him.

Mr Joe Hannah, who has just returned from Buckhannon, says it is very dry in that region. Farmers are mowing their meadows, plowing them, and sowing them in corn.

Meadows will be tight here, a quantity of cheat in meadows will cause farmers to commence mowing soon.

Mr Albert Sharp killed a large rattlesnake the other day.

John R. Showalter is keeping bachelor's hall and looking after Newton Cupp's property.

Not long since James McCloud and Howard Meeks caught a large bear in a bear trap on the head of Elk Lick Run. This bear has destroyed several sheep in that neighborhood.

Watson Sharp passed here inquiring for a man who had skipped his board bill. BLUBAKER.

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The New Railroad.

Monday, July 1st, the first rail was laid on the Chesapeake and Western Railroad with an impressive ceremony. Wednesday afternoon the first locomotive arrived. The engine is named "F. W. Jackson," in honour of the Treasurer of the road, a New York banker of Virginia antecedents. Mr Jackson is a member of the New York Stock Exchange, and Mr Have-meyer, President of the Sugar Trust, is a brother-in-law. In a visit to Virginia since the new railroad has been talked about he was delighted with the country to be opened up, and impressed with the possibilities of the enterprise, and is ambitious to have the road made equal to all the requirements of a first-class transportation system.

The *Manufacturer's Record* reports that contracts are closed for sixty-five miles of rails, which are now received from Carnegie as rapidly as the Baltimore & Ohio can deliver them. In every respect the equipment of the road will be in the most substantial character, equal to the heaviest traffic.

It will penetrate in West Virginia the very heart of the best coal and timber region of the state reaching the Pocahontas vein of coal at its best point. By this route Pocahontas coal could be shipped to Harrisonburg and thence over the Baltimore & Ohio to Baltimore on a shorter haul than the Pocahontas coal which now goes to Norfolk over the Norfolk and Western. There is much significance in the fact that Mr J. W. Reinhart is the President of the Chesapeake & Western Railroad. Lately he was President of the Atchison, Topeka, & Santa Fe road, one of the greatest systems in the world. When a man of such prominence in the railroad world comes into Virginia it looks as if there is to be a concentration of the great business and financial powers of the country on Southern development operations. Eighty-pound steel rails are being used, and it is said that this is the first new road ever built which was laid by eighty-pound steel rails at the start, and spiked with a silver spike at that. The great feature is that this will be the shortest route between deep water and the almost infinite freight-creating possibilities of the coal, timber, iron, and oil fields of central West Virginia.

That the gentlemen named, and others, with their strong financial connections and their tremendous personal influence and power in carrying out already grand operations elsewhere, should have turned their attention to the two Virginias as the most inviting field for railroad work in sight, is food for thought beyond our powers of expression. It seems too wonderful that great financiers and developers who did so much to create the mighty Western Empire, should be at this instant concentrating their work upon the South.

The Singing School at Mt. Vernon Church, Knapp's Creek, closes on July 27th, at which time several singing classes will meet to sing, and at this time the ladies of the neighborhood will give a festival, the proceeds of which will go to the church. Every body is expected. Begins 10 a. m.

The place from Mr. About 9 o'clock began to d. Hollow re laughter happy you harmless and for two enjoyed. the amuse banjo mad loyed happ Froment the aisles f trees prod but what v naders, no good angel ner's perf was excell which he ing. "The Coon Stok ed great was just should be; the taste, 5 o'clock prepare fo at the hou vort. All day, pleas ed. Ther the party, hue of her telligence. sight to se ple baskin making themselves At nigh dervort's, the danc lighted u number p I seen so gentlemen polite. T confusion out. Wi Geiger su dancing v of the lad tlemen fr Spring V favorite. "hoe dow ty and hi a manly l tion of fa and fever versation ly went r any one p sic wore t after m breakup Mr and M pains to and their to be lon the celeb of July, young fr

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THE NEW WOMAN.

A Pocahontas Girl Talks on the Subject.

Writers of every degree are working themselves into high fevers over the new woman, declaring that she is not the majestic joke the comic newspapers have made us smile over day after day for five years, but a powerful, wicked being, bringing to the mind of the old man and old woman visions of battle, murder, and sudden death.

One venerable ecclesiastic writer as well absorbed in keeping together the traditions of his grandmother, says "that this creature, the new woman, is the great national calamity, a well-earned punishment for many sins, and threatens destruction to the moral foundations of society—" Good gracious, to think of all that now! Such overdrawn declamation as this fills the newspapers, they having formed in a committee of ways and means to get the new woman considerably talked about, and, as the stump orator would say, the mean ways of some of them make the new woman, when she reads such uncomplimentary things as I have quoted, become exceedingly wroth and say "What utter rot!" They tell us this is the form of speech we may expect from women in the future, given with mannish directness and force.

All this would be very serious if the new woman wasn't entirely a creature of man's brain, having no definite shape outside of it. She is a subject on which one, if he isn't careful, may exhaust his imagination, and that this has been done sometimes is evident when one sees the immense amount of nonsense written about her. Despite every thing that is said, and will be said, about her, save the mark, she remains about what she always has been, the same old woman who sinned in the Garden of Eden, and who ate the apple, to her everlasting grief.

Granting that the new woman does exist, she is not as new as she looks. Had Joan D' Arc ridden a safety around to her battles, instead of a powerful charger cross-ways, she would have excited men to mutiny and rage as a new woman. As it is she comes howling down the ages as an inspired being. Her mournful fate kept the new women from increasing too rapidly, for the newest of them dislike the idea of being made a bonfire of. Where she has been all the years since that bloody scene in the streets of Rouen, nobody knows. She may have been learning to tie a four-in-hand, and when she accomplished it to her satisfaction and began to wear one she looked like another woman, and people called her a new woman. When such writers as the venerable ecclesiastic, Bishop Doane, to whom we feel like saying what are you doing, and please don't, lift up their voices in warning against the dangers and delusions and untold horrors of the new woman horde, a great weariness comes over me. Such an extravagantly unjust, overdose declamation, as the one I quoted, ruins itself and requires no consideration.

If the new woman ever does become as powerful for good or bad as some are afraid she will, let us hope to get on the good side of her, and if we can't, we'll get the "old women," our wives, and sisters, and sweet-hearts, to "turn the rascals out!" and "to the victor will belong the spoils," (i. e.) the bicycles, etc.

S. A. P.

"FEMALE togs are curious things That astonish the average male. The new shirt-waist makes up in sleeves Whatever it lacks in tail."

The Phonograph—First Impressions.

If the first impressions caused by hearing this wonderful instrument can be given it is sure to make matter worth reading. The phonograph in question was one that was carried about this county, making one of those shows generally so abominable. For instance, a village is deluged with hand-bills for a few days before hand stating that on a certain date an Edison's "phonograph" (independent spelling) would be in town, and that fifteen cents would be required to hear the reproduction of the various interesting things that had been told the phonograph at some previous time.

The appointed time came of course, and this was no show at which the eminent person is fain to hide his head. Every body was out, and most of them to hear it for the first time. The assembling was much after the style of the magic-lantern exhibition. The troupe took the money at the door and the beginning was delayed by two impecunious sight-seers who wished to come in two for a quarter. The audience once in, the operator made a short address as to the merits of the machine, which, not being long, was not greatly heeded. The phonograph itself was on the music-box style, and the appearance of a well-defined crank was not reassuring. The sound of the instrument is transmitted through a funnel-shaped apparatus, and thus every one in the room can hear what it has to say.

Mr Operator gets tired of the sound of his own voice, and takes up a piece of porcelain-looking stuff, a cylinder about two inches in diameter. This is slipped into the machine, and finally the screw is turned, and the audience, which is quiet enough by this time, hears a sound not unlike the blowing of the winds or the rush of many waters. Out of this comes a wee voice crying "They are the Best Friends of All," as sung for the Ohio Phonograph Company by Dan W. Buinn!" The piano accompaniment is then heard, and finally Mr Buinn commences the words of this pretty song. There is no getting around the strange feeling it gives a novice to hear the machine talking away. The voice is real in all its unreality. To describe what it is like to those who have not heard it is perhaps impossible. It is something like hearing a man who is away across a broad stretch of water, or who is at some great depth, or who is talking in a hat.

If you can imagine a man about four inches high, with a metallic voice, talking through his nose, you will perhaps get the best idea of what it is like to hear the phonograph, when it is transmitted to a roomful of people. Of course if you take the sound direct from the machine it is loud and different from the faraway tones of the former.

Dr. Talmage read the 22d Psalm to this instrument and it was clearly reproduced in his tones the other night. Every little trick and peculiarity of the reading was given. A roll had been placed in the cell of John McCullough, the great actor, who was then a lunatic. The blood-curdling laugh, the raving, the snatches of plays, and the consumptive cough came forth from the cavernous depths of that wonderful funnel.

The ear grew tired listening to many pieces. There was no help for it. One had to listen with all his might. Fixing an eye on the machine was no benefit. There was no movement of lips to aid the

hearer said.

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The Topic of the Day.

"Railroad prospects are as bright as a dollar" for this county, or at least that is what one of the men who know said the other day and added that there is no question that this section is on the eve of a season of great prosperity. The presence of the capitalists last week is a good sign and the speculation now is, what will they do? The universal idea is that the West Virginia Central is aiming to get a direct line east to the seaboard, for its coal, and they look to the new road the Chesapeake and Western, as a means by which this may be accomplished. An extension from Elkins would make this connection at some point in Pocahontas County, but if the Dry Fork road were to be extended it would be in Highland County. In this event, Pocahontas would probably remain without railroad facilities for some time yet, as it is not at all unlikely that the work on the Chesapeake & Western would cease on their connection with the Davis system. It depends a good deal on the intention of the projectors of the former road. If it represents capital to the extent that most believe it does, then the work will cross this county in a short time, but if it is just "bamming" its way, the short space of life may be accomplished for most of us ere the new engine, the "F. W. Jackson," which is now running on the road west of Harrisburg, thunders down the mountain sides of West Virginia. It would be a surer thing for us were the C. & O. and some West Virginia company to make connection.

Our School Teachers.

LOVERIDGE, W. VA. }
July 22 1895. }

To the Editor: Having read an article in the TIMES of recent date, relating to the school teachers of Pocahontas county, and being a school teacher myself, I will endeavor to write a few lines, which I hope will be of some interest to the teachers of Pocahontas county.

I have taught school in several different sub-districts in Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties, and I find that a great responsibility rests upon the teacher, and while there is a responsibility resting upon the teacher, there is also a responsibility resting upon the trustees and patrons in regard to the advancement of their schools, but if anything goes wrong the teacher always has the "blame" to bear. Good schools mean good boys, good girls, good discipline, and good neighborhoods, and if we do not have good schools, whose blame is it? Is it always the teachers? I think not. We acknowledge that it is sometimes his fault, but not always, and if we have good schools, teachers, pupils and parents must concur; they must work together, and we believe if the patrons and teacher would pull together, shoulden to shoulder there would be a rarity of "no schools" as we often hear some trustee or patron say, who probably never saw inside of a school-house in their lives as a pupil.

Young teachers, if you want to teach, do not undertake one of these so called "easy schools" because the pupils don't "know much." I find the most trouble a teacher has is with some patron or trustee, who can scarcely read or write his name. They do not always realize that the progress of education is slow, but they are the ones who grumble because the teacher does not make the fires or chop the wood, and sometimes want the teacher to teach from about sunrise to sunset, because they had to go to school before the sun was up, and come home by moonlight. I do not think we have many trustees of this kind now-a-days, but often we hear some one speak of the teacher's "easy time"—commencing at 9 a. m. and dismissing at 4 p. m. We are glad that we have many good school men at present, that realize that the teachers work, (i. e.) the earnest teacher's work is almost an every day business, and that he has to study almost incessantly in order to qualify himself better for his position. We realize that our school system is improving, that we are having better schools, better apparatus, and we long to see the time when we will have still better apparatus, when each school-house will be furnished with a library, when a flag of the "stars" and "stripes" will wave over our school-buildings, and when patrons will visit our schools and be welcome guests, and help to encourage the teacher and pupils in their work.

For job printing of all kinds come to this office.

ABOUT a year since there was a remarkable exhibition of electric appliances in New York, and the results appear too wonderful for credence. The first telegram ever flashed over the wires was: "What hath God wrought"—science thus rendering a just tribute to the divine source of all good. On May 16, 1896, the marvellous achievements of electricity were celebrated by sending messages with a current supplied by Niagara, over a distance more than twice around the globe, and both telegrams recognized the beneficent hand of God. Mr Depew wired: "God created, nature treasures, science utilizes electric power for the grandeur of the nations and the peace of the world." To this Edwin D. Adams replied: "Mighty Niagara, nature's wonder, through nature's electric current proclaims to all people's science triumphant and the benevolent Creator." The first message transversed 27,500 miles in twenty-one minutes; the other made a much longer trip via Tokio in fifty minutes. In seventy-one minutes a message is sent and answer received transversing nearly sixty thousand miles. With the quickest of available appliances, Marlinton could not send and receive a message and reply to Hillsboro under three hours,—180 minutes. What wonderful resources the Divine Creator has provided to be found and made use of as fast as humanity is made ready by the gospel of His Son for their wise improvement.

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Earthquake on Knapps Creek.

About two P. M. Monday, as Squire I. B. Moore was reclining in a lounge in the parlor, reading a newspaper, he heard a rumbling sound like that of a distant train, and about the same instant felt a tremor as if the lounge was in a swing. Looking up, the paper on the ceiling and walls seemed to undulate and looked as if the plaster was about to crack and fall.

Peyton Moore came from an adjoining room to see whose wagon was going by. Mrs Moore, in a remote part of the house noticed the disturbance and at once surmised it to be an earthquake. It was fully a minute before all became quiet. A sewing machine in the hall executed a nice little performance as if it wanted to execute a minuet.

About half a mile away, Miss Rella Clark was hearing lessons, when she noticed the stove was swaying and the building was in a tremor. She sent a pupil out to see who might be trying to shake the school-house, but as no one was seen at such a prank, it occurred to her that it might be an earthquake. The shock was distinctly felt at Wise Herold's and at Washington Moore's also.

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O, my luve is like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:

O, my luve is like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
Sae deep in luve am I;

And I will luve the still, my dear
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And rocks melt wi' the sun:

And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve,
And fare thee weel a while!

And I will come again my luve,
Tho it were ten thousand mile!

—BURNS

A BOOK has recently been published consisting of poems written by colored people of the South. Professor Daniel Webster Davis writes this about "Bakin and Greens":

' You may put me in rags, fill my
cup up wid sorrow,

Let joy be a stranger and trouble
my dreams;

But I still will be smilin', no
pain kin I borrow

Ef you lebe me dan bakin wid
plenty ob greens."

—
"For three years we have not
been without Chamberlain's Colic,
Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

Jacob Cassell, uncestor of the numerous relationship of that name, was a native of Pendleton County. In early manhood, he came to Path, where he married Nancy McLaughlin, a sister of Squire Hugh McLaughlin, late of Marlinton. After living several years in Bath, he bought out Mr Deaver, on Greenbrier River three miles west of Green Bank, now known as Cassell's Fording. Here he settled and became a wellknown citizen of our county, about seventy years ago. His family were two daughters and five sons: William, Jacob, John, Samuel, James, Nancy, and Jane.

William Cassell married Matilda Wanless and settled on Back Alleghany where he spent the remainder of his life, — he was eighty-two years old when he died. He was married twice. The first children were Nancy Jane and George. The daughter became Mrs Henry Ba-low, and now lives near Edray. George Cassell was a Confederate soldier and died of wounds during the war. William Cassell's second marriage was with Nancy Collins. By this marriage there were seven children. Mary Catherine became Mrs Thomas Beverage. Martha Ellen became Mrs Robert Sutton, who is a well known teacher of schools. William Cassell, Junior, married India Sutton and settled on the homestead. Louisa married John Cassell and lives near the old home. Charles Cassell married Anne Geiger, daughter of Mr and Mrs Adam Geiger, near Driftwood, and now lives at Hut-tonsville, West Virginia. Sarah Ann died aged 13 years. George Cassell went to Texas, and after many adventures on cattle ranches was drowned.

Jacob Cassell's second son, Jacob Cassell Junior, married Nancy Sharp, daughter of the late William Sharp, Esq., near Verdant Valley, and settled in Illinois, where both are now living, (1897.)

John Cassell, third son of Jacob Cassell, Senior, married Sally Curry and went to the far West.

Samuel Cassell, the fourth son, wedded Eliza Valentine Tomlinson, of Augusta County, Virginia, near Staunton, and lived for awhile on the Greenbrier homestead then settled on Back Alleghany on lands now held by his son, Jacob Cassell. Samuel's daughter Eliza married Harvey Hevener, and lived on the Greenbrier four miles above the old homestead. Her children were Laura, Samuel, Maggie, Adam, Vanburen, and Rebecca. Jacob, of Samuel, married Clara Sutton, daughter of the late Samuel Sutton, near Green Bank, and settled on the Back Alleghany. Mary Ann, daughter of Samuel Cassell, married Cyrus Tallman, and settled on Back Alleghany. Her children were Rachel Henrietta, Josephine, Anderson, John, and Colonel. Alice Cassell, of Samuel, married John Woodell and settled near Travelers Repose. Margaret Jane Cassell, daughter of Samuel Cassell, married George Baxter, Esq., near Edray. Her children were Eliza Myrtle, Bessie Regina, Frank, Yula Mabel, Edith and George Harry. It is to this member of the Cassell family the writer is mainly indebted for assistance in preparing this paper.

Rachel Cassell, another daughter of Samuel Cassell, married Zechariah Swink, and lives on Back Alleghany. Her children are Charles and Price. Hannah Cassell, of Samuel, married Charles Wanless, and lived on the old Wanless homestead. Her children are Effie, Maude, and George. Huldah Cassell, the youngest daughter of Samuel Cassell, became Mrs George Auldridge, and lives near Edray. James Cassell, son of Samuel, married Margaret Ann Swink, of Rockbridge County, Virginia, and settled on the Greenbrier homestead. His son John married Louisa Cassell, and settled on Back Alleghany. Samuel, of James, married Martha Hevener and lives on the Greenbrier near the old Cassell

ried Sarah Shinnberry, and lives on Back Alleghany. Thomas Cassell, of James, married Lydia Galford, and settled on Back Alleghany. Ella Cassell, daughter of James, married Henry Kessler and lives in the same neighborhood. Nancy Jane, daughter of James, married Benjamin Collins, a minister of the German Baptist church. Rachel Ann Cassell, daughter of James, married Amos Gillespie, a prominent teacher in the public schools, and lives at Gillespie.

Nancy Cassell, daughter of Jacob Cassell the ancestor, married Allen Galford, Esq., and lives on the Greenbrier near the mouth of Deer Creek. In reference to her children the following particulars are available. Brown Galford married Susan Geiger, and settled on Back Alleghany; Lydia Galford married Thomas Cassell. Lydia's children are Allen, Jacob, Mary, and Samuel. Nancy Jane Galford daughter of Mr and Mrs Allen Galford, married James McCloud and lives near Driftwood. James Galford, son of Allan Galford, Esq., married Rebecca Logan, daughter of the late John Logan, and settled on Back Alleghany. Hannah Galford, another daughter, married Dallas McLaughlin, son of the late David McLaughlin, and they live near Driftwood. Caroline Galford married George Taey, and lives on Back Alleghany. John Galford the youngest son, married Agnes Chestnut, of Bath County, and lived at the old Galford homestead. He died a few years since. Alice Galford, the youngest daughter, married S. David McClure, and they settled on Laurel Run, in Edray District.

Jane Cassell, the other daughter of Jacob the ancestor, married Jacob Wilfong, and when last heard from they were in Minnesota. Their children were Jacob and Margaret Jane.

Jacob Cassell, Senior, the founder of the Cassell family in upper Pocahontas, was a person of remarkable muscular strength and agility. He was passionately industrious, and even in extreme old age never satisfied without something useful to do. He and his family have done very much in developing that part of the county where he resided. In his attire he was very neat and particular, and a perfect gentleman in his deportment. His personal influence and example were for fair dealing, strict integrity, and pure morals. He lived to be ninety-two years of age. Mrs Cassell died several years before her husband. Her death was occasioned by nasal hemorrhage brought on by over-exertion in crossing a very high rail fence.

With the assistance of a granddaughter of these venerated persons the compiler has been able to prepare this memorial of two very worthy people, richly deserving of lasting and grateful remembrance for the part they and their descendants have performed in rescuing from a rugged and remote forest wilderness and laboriously developing one of the more really prosperous sections of our great county. W. T. P.

THE POLITICAL LIGHT WHICH FAILED.

We feel that the sound money leaders and journals which gave utterance to assurances of immediate prosperity, or an advance in that direction, if Mr McKinley was elected, lied either knowingly or unwittingly. The fallacy of the theory that immense sums of money only awaited investment to be assured of the stability of the government has been proven. The argument that things might be worse if the seditious Mr Bryan and his mass of American farmers had been elected argues to us that it might be worse for the main-springs of some great political party, but not for the ragged majority who have little or nothing to lose.

The great head of the Republican party, President McKinley, did not indulge in any of the buncombe of the campaign, but preserved a dignified silence by making conservative statements from

ic word "wait," but he did not make it clear whether he relied upon the work of the administration to bring prosperity or on the generally accepted doctrine that "everything comes to him who waits"—and hustles.

The country is finding the mere assurance that the affairs of the government will be in the hands of the Republican party is not sufficient for prosperity to come upon the country like the blessing of Heaven. Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness and all who looked at it with believing eyes were healed, but it seems that the distress of America is more stubborn and refuses to down. Even confidence is not restored. The text to-day is: "Put not your trust in millionaires," and the activity of our statesmen is that of harassed agents of office seekers. The rich refuse to become poorer that the poor may be richer, probably for the fear that their investments failing it would miss those intended to be benefitted and enrich those already rich. It is too much to hope for that our country will again be what it once was when it seemed no handicap to be born poor. The classes are becoming marked, and it is harder for a man to rise.

We are taxed until the business of the country is paralyzed. There was never a government which raised such revenue from its citizens. The very form of government of which we are so proud enables our rulers to extract taxes, both direct and indirect, and they sap the resources of the citizen. The mighty (and by the mighty these days is meant the monied) had friends at court, and the vast tax of national government being levied indirectly they escaped its consequences except in so far as they were consumers; and the government left the poor man's appetite in order, let us suppose, that he should pay dearly for his food, clothes, furniture, tobacco and drink.

We take it for granted that the confidence game is about played out in politics. As the government cannot help us (according to Henry Watterson, the philosopher, and we are controlled by a law which has regulated the traffic of man from prehistoric times—that of supply and demand,—why in the name of common sense cannot the government leave us alone. Let them reduce the expenditures of the government one half. They can do it. The most useful of all the systems of the government is the postal system, and we are taxed directly, so to speak, for it, and it is almost self-sustaining. We can do without the printing office at Washington; the seed distribution; the river and harbor improvements, that could be carried on by private corporations by franchise; the weather bureau; a standing army that does not stand and protecting navy that allows Spain to fire on our flag. Let us retrench. That will be effectual, but to expect prosperity to bloom on every bush because we believe our President is a great and good man is asking too much of Mr McKinley.

LUMBER INDUSTRY.

The St. Lawrence Company will have little or no lumber cut in this county this year we are sorry to say, as the firm of Smith & Whiting, alone, generally expend about \$75,000 yearly in the county for work and supplies. We feel that it is very unfortunate the business should take such a long rest the year after McKinley ascended to the throne, but we have enough sense not to blame the Administration, and know that the election of Bryan would have made no difference. Still it was not what some expected.

The camps on Williams River are working with reduced forces. There were plenty of tides to take the logs in this year. In fact one flood took the gates away from W. McClintic's splash dam. He has the largest landing now ready for breaking in that has ever been on Williams River, all the logs neatly ranked on the river bank. He is

has recently been cutting.

Henry Sheets had secured what was considered a good job, put up camps, and then abandoned them. It was the impression of many lumbermen that he had the best job that had been given out by the company for years, but as Mr Sheets is a veteran in the business he should know.

The Silva brothers have a good job of cutting for the Hardwood Company at Jack.

Contractor Gray, who has worked such havoc with a number of Pocahontas sub-contractors and hands, promises to square up, and has been paying out some money. A woodman told the writer the other day that he had pursued him for a week and had finally come up with him in the Company's office and that Gray had paid him \$25 there, which seemed almost like velvet to him. What Mr Gray can or will do, however, is a secret known only to Mr Gray, and is one which he carries in his own breast.

THE thoughtful reader has been surprised at the readiness of so many persons of influence, in all sections of the United States to encourage a war with England in defense of a principle so little understood as the so called Monroe Doctrine. Some account for it in part to political agitation awakened by the tariff and silver questions.

The earnest adherents of the protective policy regard British influence as one of the main reasons for the oppositions that exists against protective interest.

Likewise the friends of free silver trace the disasters, that are attributed to the demonetization of silver, to the fallacious reasoning of English economists. Many think, too, that British gold in the guise of gifts secured votes for this famous demonitization.

While these things may have their influence and may account in a measure for the hostile expressions that surprise so many, and writer inclines to the belief, if these were the main and only reasons, there would be but very little spoiling for a fight among the people at large. The London Times, one of the most farseeing journals in the world, published something in 1860 which we will repeat for the consideration of those seeking an explanation why hostile feeling, and readiness for war should be so manifested:

"There will by a colossal Ireland placed in the New World. The Celt is pushed westward, no longer to be imprisoned between Liffey and the Shannon, but he will spread from New York to San Francisco. We (the English) must gird our loins to encounter the Nemesis of seven centuries of misgovernment. To the end of time a hundred million of people, spread over the largest habitable area of the world, and confronting us everywhere by sea and land, will remember that their forefathers paid tithes to the Protestant clergy, rent to absentee landlords, and a forced obedience to the laws which these landlords had made. And even tho the rancorous Celt were to forget and forgive, that will not prevent the sure development of an intractable race and the introduction of intractable elements into the character of the great American nation. It will be more than half Celtic. There will be other races in America, but the prepondering race of all will be Celtic, in sympathy with Ireland, seeing Ireland's opportunity in England's extremity."

THE venerable Abram Sharp who resides near Frost is a citizen of sterling integrity of character. He was a Union sympathizer and a faithful soldier of the Federal Army. He keeps himself well informed in the political issues of the day and holds himself ready to meet all comers in defending a high protective tariff. He is going to patronize The Pocahontas Times, not because he agrees with its sentiments, but because it is a home enterprise and home industries should be sustained first of all, so long as they keep decent in language and appearance and reflect credit upon the county. He felt it his duty to work day and night in ferreting out the burglaries that have been such a feature in his community. He hopes that what has been accomplished may be a warning to any others and that all such may repent and live better lives, both for their own good and the welfare of the neigh-

Skinning

The Snake desired the rattler to there is so interest al deadly pre came in fr news of a and no fe dry rattles mented by believable we proceed tions as to be found, skinning, "would n't A color standing on land ad ed to get route to b plan sketc mud of th to locate a the said su ferred to g did not m ing a par as dissection of th able for w less was knife (a v the operat This sn large one, they ver clear. Th tho some the slayer pounded had remo is white a petizing—that it wa Indians. ry on the sometime bite a mo imbibe fr The wv seen a liv unconfin therefore somewhat the hair-ous perso withstand

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BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

AMONG the persons settling in what is now Pocahontas County early in the century John Sharp, Senior, a native of Ireland, is richly deserving of more than passing notice. He is the ancestor of the families of that name that constitute such a marked proportion of the Frost community, and have been identified with that vicinity for the past 95 years. Previous to the Revolution he came in with the tide of Scotch-Irish immigration that spread over Pennsylvania and New Jersey and thence moved South, and finally located in Rockingham County, Virginia.

His wife was Margaret Blaine, whose parents resided in west Rockingham in the vicinity of Rawley Springs. She was a relative of the Rev John S. Blaine, one of the pioneer Presbyterian pastors in our county.

After a residence of several years in Rockingham County, Mr Sharp came to Pocahontas in order to secure land for the use of his large and industrious family, and he succeeded well, and saw them well fixed in life all around him. He reached Frost in 1802, and settled on the place now occupied by Abram Sharp, Esq. There were six sons and as many daughters. The daughters were Margaret, Anna, Isabella, Elizabeth, Rosa, and Polly. Margaret became Mrs Henry Dilley, and lived on Thorny Creek. Anna was married to Daniel McCollam, who finally moved to Ohio. Isabella became Mrs Alexander Ryder, who lived so long on the top of the Alleghany, seven miles east of Huntersville. Elizabeth was the wife of the Rev Jas. Wanless, a widely known Methodist minister, and lived on upper Thorny Creek, where John F. Wanless now resides.

Rosa Sharp was married to the Rev William J. Ryder, on Back Creek, Highland County. Her family mostly went West—to Illinois. Rev Stewart Ryder, of Bath, is her son. He was for several years an itinerant minister in the Baltimore Conference. Aaron Ryder, who lives near Frost, is another son.

Mary (Polly) Sharp became the wife of William Hartman, and settled in Upshur County, West Virginia. Her children were Joel, Susan, Elizabeth, and Mary. Joel Hartman married Jonathan Yeager's daughter Rachel. Mary Hartman became Mrs Jeter; Susan Hartman became a Mrs Harper, all of Upshur County.

In reference to the six sons that were of this family, and the brothers of the six sisters whose history is so briefly traced, we learn the following particulars from Mrs Elizabeth Sharp, the aged relict of the late John Sharp, a grandson of the pioneer John Sharp. This venerable lady has a remarkable history; left alone during the war, she supported her young and numerous family, paid off mortgages on the land, and came through the great trouble out of debt.

The pioneer's sons were John, Robert, Daniel, James, William, and Joseph.

John Sharp, Junior, married Rebecca Moore, daughter of Pennsylvania John Moore, and settled on land now occupied by Joseph Moore, near Glade Hill, who is a grandson of John Sharp, Senior.

Robert Sharp died in early youth. Daniel Sharp married Miss Margaret Palmer, of Augusta County, and settled on Buffalo Mountain, beyond Green Bank. Daniel finally went to Lewis County, and settled on Leading Creek. His sons were John, Robert, Joseph, Cornelius, and James. Daniel Sharp's daughter Mary (Polly) married William May, on Anthony's Creek.

James Sharp, son of John the pioneer, married Margaret Wanless, a daughter of Ralph Wanless, Senior, and settled on the head of Thorny Creek. There were five sons and two daughters in his family. William, Andrew, Robert, James, and Lindsay were the sons, and Jane, who became Mrs Nicholas Swadely, and Nancy, who married James Moore, now of Nicholas County, were the daughters. Mr and Mrs Swadely moved to

Ritchie County. Lindsay Sharp lives on the old homestead. Andrew Sharp lives on Back Creek, and will be 97 years of age July 3, 1897. He is able to do considerable work with his axe and brush-hook.

William Sharp, of John the early settler, married Margaret Nesbitt, of Rockbridge County, and settled near Frost. There were a son and three daughters. John Sharp, Mary Paulina, Eliza Jane, and Margaret. Mary Paulina married Stephen Wanless, and lived on Back Creek. Her husband was killed by a vicious horse. John F. Wanless, a widely known citizen is her son. Eliza Jane became Mrs David Hannah, of Fayette County. John Sharp, the one son of this family, married Elizabeth Slaven Wade, daughter of John Wade, Esq., of Highland County, and settled on the place near Frost where his widow now lives. There were five sons and four daughters.

The sons were Charles Osborne Wade, William Alexander Gilmer, John Benjamin Franklin, Aaron Uriah Bradford. Little Bradford died at the age of seven years, his mother's darling, and though many years have passed she weeps at the mention of his name. It cannot be long till they meet again. Matilda Ursula died at sixteen months. Margaret Ann died aged sixteen years. Martha Ellen and Marietta Emmeretta Virginia are yet living.

Gilmer Sharp married Nancy Elizabeth Arbogast, daughter of Solomon Arbogast, near Glade Hill. He settled a mile from Frost on the west branch of Knapp's Creek, in the pine woods, and opened up a nice home. His family consists of seven sons and two daughters: Upton Porter, William Bradford, Clifton Chalmers, Ernest Gilmer, George Mervin, Charles Letcher, Minnie Ursula, and Nancy Elizabeth Daisy. Minnie is now Mrs Ellis Busard, near Glade Hill. Upton Porter is a teacher in the public schools.

J. B. F. Sharp, of John of William of John, pioneer, married Mary Alice Gibson, of Bath, and now lives near Frost. Henderson Wickline, Carrie, Bessie Ellen, Ruthie McTae are their children.

C. O. W. Sharp, another son of the same family, married Miss Amanda Grimes, daughter of David, and settled near Frost. There were six sons and three daughters. Hanibal Hamlin, Charles Hanson, David Franklin, George Winters, Summers Hedrick, Austin John, Trudie Montgomery, Isa Amanda, Esta Medora. Charles Sharp died June 29, 1892.

Martha Ellen Sharp, one of the surviving sisters, became the wife of Abram Sharp, Esq., near Frost Mill. He was a Union sympathizer and a Federal soldier. Their family consists of six sons and four daughters. Joseph Averill married Sarah Vint, and lives on Brown's Mountain. John Washington married Mary Ann Simmons, of Highland, and lives near Frost. Anderson Butler, Stewart Holmes, Aaron Abraham, and Lincoln who died at the age of four years. The daughters are Julia Quebec, who is Mrs William Shrader, and lives near Frost; Cuba Truxillo died December, 1895, greatly lamented; Elizabeth Rachel, Mary Hannah Susan.

The other surviving member of Mrs Bettie Sharp's family is Marietta Emmeretta Virginia, who married Thomas R. Kellison, and lives near Mountain Grove. Her family of three sons and six daughters are named as follows: John Benjamin Franklin Lightbourne, Charles Hackie, Thomas Bonar, Elizabeth Lugertie Moomau, Anna Amanda Jane, Ella, Marietta Constance, Hattie, and Lucy.

The last of the sons of John the pioneer is Joseph Sharp, who married Elizabeth Lightner and settled on the old homestead, now held by Abram Sharp. His children were named in the Lightner sketches.

It might be well to mention as many of his grandchildren as may have come to our notice. Polly Sharp was the wife of John Hannah, on Elk. Her sons were Joseph Bryson Hannah, late of Frost,

where his bereaved family now reside; Sheldon Clark, Andrew Warwick, William, George Lightner Hannah, wellknown and well-doing citizens of Elk. Her daughter Jane became Mrs Fox, of Randolph County; Elizabeth is now Mrs Hall; Martha is now Mrs James Gibson, Rachel Mrs George Gibson, and Amanda Mrs Hambrick, of Point Mountain.

The late Peter Sharp near Frost was a son of Joseph Sharp. He was a Confederate soldier. His wife was Mary Ann Herron, daughter of Leonard Herron. Three of his sons are Methodist preachers. Oscar is a local preacher, William and Jasper are in the itineracy, Samuel died recently, and Ashby is Constable of Frost District. Alice is Mrs Alexander Caricoff, and lives in Augusta County. Azelia married Rev C. M. Anderson, and lives in west Pocahontas, near Lobelia.

Another son, Henry Sharp, of the pioneer's son Joseph, married Caroline Curry, daughter of the late J. Harvey Curry, of Dummore, and lives on Douthard's Creek, near Driscoll. Their family numbers seven daughters and two sons. Clara, now Mrs Henry Overholt; Docia, now Mrs Warren; Effie, Mrs J. E. Campbell; Lizzie, Mrs Mack Ervine; Bertha, Lucy, and Pearl. Gilbert Sharp is at home, a well-known machinist; Albert Sharp resides at Marlinton, where he is a well-known citizen and has performed an active part in the construction of improvements.

Thus far we have been able to illustrate to some extent the history of John Sharp the settler. As was intimated, the great motive that prompted his coming to the head of Knapp's Creek was to get land. In this he was successful. His landed possessions reached from the Gibson farm near Frost up the West Branch to Armenius Busard's, near Glade Hill; he had property in the Hills, on Thorny Creek, and on Buffalo Mountain beyond Green Bank, and the most of these lands yet in the possession of his descendants.

He was small in person, blue eyes, light hair, and of florid complexion. He was constantly employed. Mrs Sharp was quiet in all her ways, very diligent in her duties, and patiently met and endured the toils and inconveniences of living in the woods. These persons were pious, and some of the first religious meetings ever held in the vicinity of Frost were at their house.

CHILLING REMEMBRANCES.

It was during these late hot days, when from all sides came anxious inquiries as to the whereabouts of the man who said "this is going to be a cold, wet summer." No body seemed to be able to shed any light on the subject. One person gave utterance to the dreary thought that he had been stricken down by heat or overcome by thirst, perhaps within sight of home and friends, but we all, with one voice, cried "Perish the thought!" We would not have him die exactly, however often our souls may have risen in revolt at the positively disagreeable man who makes thoughtless remarks about what the weather is going to be. I know of nothing more painful, when you are congratulating yourself on having come safely thro one of our show winters of fogs and frosts, east winds and old-fashioned snowstorms, and are looking forward to one of those "long, bright summers of our first youth that come no more, alas," but which we look forward to just the same, I say there is nothing half so painful as to meet a person who tells you in a way that leaves no room for doubt that this is going to be a cold, wet summer. He remembers a summer that started out just like this, nothing would grow and water melons did not get ripe enough to eat until the last of November and so on. It is an evil day when a man treats his friends to a reminiscence like that. I know a man who is an ardent, a most stubborn weather man and who does not hesitate to predict anything that has to do with weather. His friends

are all sorry as no doubt this has been the chief obstacle to a useful and brilliant career. This man once counted among his friends an old lady who had boundless confidence in him and his weather forecasts. She went so far—she could go no farther—as to take his advice one evening as to whether there would be frost that night. She wanted to save her cucumber vines. He said there would be no frost that night. The old lady slept peacefully. The hardest frost of the year came that night and struck a vital spot in the cucumber vines. The scene next morning was a pathetic one. The old lady's grief was pitiful, as she bewailed her loss while the weary, tired man spoke his mind about weather prophets.

The weather man admitted that he had missed it and often did. He was braver than most weather men, willing "to die in the estimation of his friends with smiling lips, sparing them the spectacle of an unseemly death struggle unworthy of a prophet and sage."

What I really started to say was that it was one of those late hot days when I had almost despaired of getting cool. I suddenly remembered my arithmetic, which, in my school days, never failed to bring up what might be called a mental thunder-storm, and the atmosphere became cool all around me; the cold wave starting from where the teacher stood. I got the book, a sadly battered affair, and opened it, looking with interest at the names of girls and mystic school girlisms scrawled over the pages. On one of the blank pages was written the following, which was entitled "A never failing receipt for an awfully good time":

"Take an old horse and a rattling old buck-board, invite two other girls, dress up in striking costume, and drive back into the country to some quiet village and 'paint the town red.'"

The latter consists in such wild revelry as raiding ice cream saloons getting pictures taken, singing thro the streets, driving recklessly and mystifying people with absurd questions. Passing over this effusion of some misguided school girl with silent scorn, I presently came to something else not quite so ghastly. This was a piece of paper, some thing smaller than a yard square, securely fastened. How it got there I am sure I do not know, but I recognized the paper instantly and my mind flew back to one dreadfully cold morning, in a school room in a little but loud educational centre, in a not very obscure part of this faraway West Virginia. The paper was not quite a yard square and was covered on both sides with figures almost large enough to be seen across the street, with a sum in partial-payments. We had gone to the class one morning with that particular sum, all unworked, unhonored or unsung, and we were feeling very gloomy. I do not think any of us ever had much faith in our teacher's mathematical qualifications—she's married now and can't be hurt—since one day when she told us that after getting to a certain place to "turn back and see how far you've gone." It did not seem possible to me then that a woman could go about carrying mathematical problems in head with an unsatisfied desire to play tiddle-de-winks, and we felt from the beginning of our lessons in arithmetic that sooner or later we, teacher and all, would get into trouble. Our apprehensions were reasonable, for our teacher became plunged in serious mathematical difficulties as soon as this sum was presented to her, with a remark from one of the girls to the effect that she did not believe that even "you can work that sum."

This girl always says the first thing that comes handy and therefore is kept busy keeping herself afloat in sea of troubles three hundred and forty-five days out of the year. But the girl was right. The sum was too much with its perplexities for our teacher, but she stood at the black-board with placid persistence slamming away with the chalk, now turning the pages backwards and forwards to look for the rule and abusing the day, she was born, we knew by the movement

The Blue and

Both men and women are blue, when the gray hairs be a very natural feeling. In the things gray hairs belong. They have no business with man or woman, who has down the slope of life. As the hair turns gray regard life's seasons; sometimes sickness, but more often when the hair fades or turns need to resort to hair dyes. of the hair is restored and re

Ayer's Hair

Ayer's Curebook, "a story of cure 100 pages, free. J. C. Ayer Co

of her lips. We stood around, ill at ease, thinking some thing must be wrong with science itself. It was all very melancholy, and even now "it is not with laughter that I raise the ghost of that once troubled time," but I can recall it with coolness and quietude now, which are two important sensations in hot weather.

SERMONETTE.

My heart was hot within me, while I was musing the fire burned; then spake I with my tongue. Lord, make me to know mine end and the measure of my days what it is, that I may know how frail I am. Surely every man walketh in a vain show; surely they are disquieted in vain; he heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them.—PSALM xxxix. 3, 4, 6.

The Psalmist was in profound thought, and the train of reflection was apparently modified by the blazing fire and the smouldering brands becoming ashes. Scientists tell us that the processes of our bodily life is a combustion to all intents and purposes. Hence it is when the life fire is quenched that "ashes to ashes" is something more than a metaphorical formula in the funeral service. The fourth verse is the lesson emphasized by the Psalmist. Surely men walk in a vain show when disquieted about vanities,—heaping up riches and not knowing who shall gather them.

These verses have been going the rounds of the periodical press for several years, and illustrate the text. We feel sure that it is a very acceptable service when we place them in the reach of our friends. There should be no incidents in our history more impressive than the death and burial of our friends and acquaintances. For we are thus reminded of the solemn change that awaits us all, and those of us who may desire to give our thoughts an appropriate direction before we attend the burial services, as well as after our return to our homes, will find this exquisite poem very appropriate.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY THOMAS B. READ.

Within the sober realm of leafless trees The russet year inhaled the dreamy air. Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease, When all the fields are lying brown and bare. The grey barns looking from their hazy hills O'er the dun waters widening in the vales Sent down the air a greeting to the mills On the dull thunder of alternate falls. All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued; The hills seemed further and the stream sank low, As in a dream the distant woodman hewed His winter log, with many a muffled blow. The embattled forest, ere while armed with gold, Their banners bright with every martial hue, Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old, Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue. On sombre wings the vulture tried his flight, The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint; And like a star slow fading in the light The village church vane seemed to pale and faint. The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew— Crew thrice—and all was stiller than before.

A Dangerous Forger Arrested.

The Black Douglass is in trouble. Not the chieftain who at the head of five thousand picked soldiers harried all Scotland in the thirteenth century, but one of the Pocahontas Douglass's, the thirteenth child of a widowed mother whose head is bowed down, not over the wash-tub as usual, but in real sorrow on account of the misdoings of her youngest boy.

Those who believe that education spoils a negro will score a point when they hear of a new departure of a young negro of Pocahontas County whose dishonesty took the direction of forgery. Tom Douglass, wishing to obtain some needed supplies a few weeks ago, wrote an order to N. J. Brown, the merchant at Mill Point, for forty cents in goods. The order was accepted, and last week he tried it again, raising the amount to fifty cents. This time he drew his inland bill of exchange on E. L. Beard & Co., of Academy. Mr. Beard, knowing that the order was not genuine, refused to cash it, so prince of Swindlers proceeded to Taylor & McElwee, of the same town, telling them that Mr Beard had not honored the draft because he did not have the goods. They took up the order, and the Black Douglass traded it out in powder and shot.

In both instances he had taken the liberty of signing the name of Miss Bessie Edgar, the second daughter of Captain A. M. Edgar, and a most charming and accomplished young lady. Douglass had been working for Captain Edgar. He will be sufficiently punished for his presumption, no doubt.

As soon as Taylor and McElwee learned of the forgery they had a warrant issued for him, and having confessed the crime before Justice Curry, was sent on to await the action of the grand jury. He was lodged in jail Saturday evening, where he will probably lie until the portals of the penitentiary open to receive him. The penalty for this offence is from two to ten years. This is a copy of the second order:

Mr Beard—Please let tom Douglass Have fifty Cents in store.

BESSIE EDGAR.

No effort had been made to imitate the handwriting of a young lady, but it is written on the leaf of a pencil tablet in the large round hand of a school-boy. The boy is better educated than many white boys, but still he missed it when he departed from the time-honored chicken-stealing habits of his race. He lacks the *finesse* necessary to the success of the forger.

The colored youth is a coalblack negro, about seventeen years old, and, as we said before, looks more fitted to rob a roost than forge a name. He is the favorite son of his mother, who is a widow, and this dereliction on his part has almost broken her heart. He gets his intelligence from his mother, who when asked how many children she had, said she did not know, but one of her daughters had told her it was a dozen and one.

A Woman in the Bar.

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BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

William Auldridge, Senior, the ancestor and founder of the family relationship of that name in our county, was a native of England. His mother, the late Mrs Elizabeth Johnson, near Marlinton, lived to be more than one hundred years of age. His step-father John Johnson, in attempting to go from Marlinton to Nicholas County for seed-corn got bewildered in Black Mountain and went nine days without food.

William Auldridge's wife was Mary Cochran, daughter of Thomas Cochran, who settled the lands now owned by parties in the Marvin Chapel neighborhood. Mr Auldridge built up a home at the Bridger Notch, and it is believed the old barn stood on the spot where one of the Bridger boys died. This place is now owned by William Auldridge, a grandson.

There were six sons and three daughters. Sarah, Elizabeth, Nancy; Thomas, William, John, Samuel, James, and Richard.

Thomas Auldridge, the eldest son, was considered when in his prime one of the strongest persons physically in west Pocahontas. The first revelation of his strength was at a log-rolling. The champion of the day attempted to take young Auldridge's handspike, which was a fancy article of its kind. The young athlete picked up both the champion and the disputed pike and laid them on the top of the log-heap with apparent ease. Upon his marriage with Elizabeth Morrison, daughter of James Morrison, on Hill's Creek, Thomas Auldridge leased lands now owned by John R. Ponge, near Clover Lick, where he spent most of his working days. He then bought of Jacob Arbaugh and Captain William Young, near Indian Draft and opened up the property now owned by his son, Thomas, junior, and family. The sons of Thomas Auldridge, senior, were James, William, Thomas, and the daughters were Sarah, Elizabeth, and Mary.

James Auldridge, Esq., the eldest son of Thomas Auldridge, senior, first married Mary Ann, daughter of the late John Barlow, settled on land now occupied by Nathan Barlow, Esq., and then moved to the home near Edray where he now resides. His children were Henry, Miriam, Elizabeth, Moffett, and George. He was sadly bereaved of his first family by the ravages of disease, one son George, alone was spared. James' second wife was Julia A. Duncan, a granddaughter of Colonel John Baxter. One daughter, Mary, now Mrs Lee Carter. George Auldridge, the survivor of the first family, married Huldah Cassell and lives on the homestead near Edray.

William Auldridge, of Thomas Auldridge, senior, married Elizabeth Moore, daughter of the late Aaron and Katie Moore, on the Greenbrier, four miles above Marlinton, and settled on part of the homestead. Their children were Malinda Hanson, and Eliza.

Thomas Auldridge, junior, married Catherine Moore, daughter of the late John and Jane Moore, near Marlinton, and lives on the old homestead. Two daughters, Margaret, who is Mrs James Hannab, and lives on Buck's Run; and Ida, who is now Mrs William McClure and lives on part of the old homestead.

Sarah Auldridge, daughter of Thomas Auldridge, senior, married the late J. Hervey Curry, near Frost. Her children were Ellis, William, Mary, Emma, and Bessie. Her life is believed to have been shortened by the exposure and exertion due to the burning of the home near Frost. Ellis Curry married Miss Rock, and lives near Dunmore. William Curry went to Missouri. Mary Curry married Benjamin Arbogast and lives near Green Bank. Emma Curry married the late William T. McClintic and lives near Beverly, West Virginia. Bessie married Kennedy Wooddell, son of Stewart Wooddell, Esq., and lives in Ritchie County, West Virginia.

Elizabeth Auldridge, daughter

of Thomas Auldridge, senior, married Henry Moore, and lives near Driftwood. One son, Andrew Moore, whose first wife was Alice Wanless, daughter of Andrew Wanless, of Back Mountain; the second wife Miss Hill, of Hill's Creek.

Mary Ann Auldridge, daughter of Thomas Auldridge, senior, became Mrs William Moore, of Elk. One daughter, Ann Moore, survives her.

William Auldridge, second son of William Auldridge the ancestor, married Miss Nancy Kellison, and settled on the Greenbrier, 2 miles below the mouth of Swago. Their only child, Martha, married Geo. Hill, son of Abram Hill, of Hill's Creek. While he was in service in 1861 at Valley Mountain he contracted the measles. He came home and his wife took down also with the same disease, and the two died within a week of each other, leaving an orphan daughter who is now Mrs Robert Shaeffer. William Auldridge's second wife was a Miss Shaeffer. Her son, James Edgar Auldridge, lives on the homestead.

John Auldridge, of William Auldridge, senior, married Rebecca Smith, now of Ronceverte, who is far up in the eighties. She was a daughter of John Smith and Sally, daughter of Levi Moore, the Frost pioneer. The Smiths lived on land now owned by the heirs of the late Captain William Cochran. Mr and Mrs John Auldridge settled on Laurel Run, now owned by Nancy Newcomer, one of their daughters. Their children were Andrew, George, William, Clark, Sarah Ann, Nancy, Susan, Mary, Martha (Pattie.)

Andrew Auldridge married Mar-Moore, daughter of the late Dr Addison Moore, and now lives in Kansas.

George Auldridge married Caroline Duffield, and lives in Iowa.

The Auldridge brothers William and Clark died young.

Sarah Ann Auldridge married John Gay, settled first on Buck's Mountain, and now lives in Greenbrier County. Her children are Oliver, Adam, Enos, Nancy, now Mrs Fletcher McCollam, and Effie.

Nancy Auldridge married the late William Newcomer, settled on the old homestead, but now lives in Ronceverte.

Susan Auldridge was married to Loyd B. Carter, son of the late Dr Page Dameron Carter, and settled on Laurel Run. Her children are Marvin, Edward, Dennis, and Anna, who is now Mrs Otis Warwick, near Green Bank.

Mary Auldridge married Alva C. Carter, brother of Loyd, and settled on Laurel Run. Her second marriage was to Harvey Childers, and she now lives in Buckhannon, West Virginia.

Samuel Auldridge, son of William Auldridge the ancestor, married Miriam Barlow, daughter of John Barlow, senior, and settled at the Bridger Notch, finally on the Greenbrier River near Stamp-ing Creek. His children by the first marriage were William, John, and Mary Ann. Mary Ann died young. John was killed in battle. William Auldridge, a well-known citizen, lives at Mill Point.

Samuel Auldridge's second wife was Susan, daughter of the late Charles Grimes. The children of the second marriage were Tillotson, Charles; Luther, McKendree and Elizabeth, who is now Mrs Clendennin, near Hillsboro.

James Auldridge, of William the ancestor, was a tailor by occupation, worked awhile at Frank-ford, West Virginia, and then settled in Missouri.

Richard Auldridge, youngest son of William the ancestor, married Hannah Smith, daughter of John and Sally Smith, of Stony Creek, and lived for a time on the old Smith homestead. Afterwards he settled in Braxton County. He was killed during the war. There were three children, John, Allen, and Almira. John was a Confederate soldier and died in battle. Allen was also a soldier, survived the war, and settled in Kansas, taking his sister Almira along with him, and the last accounts are to

the effect that brother and sister were keeping house and prospering.

Sarah Auldridge, of William, the ancestor, married William McClure and settled on Greenbrier River below Beaver Creek. Their children were James, Rachel, Mary, and Bessie. Rachel became Mrs Jacob Pyles; Mary Mrs Geo. Overholt, on Swago; Bessie died in her youth. James McClure was married three times: first wife, Miss McComb; second, Miss Pyles; and third, Miss Frances Adkinson. He lives on the homestead.

Elizabeth Auldridge, daughter of William Auldridge, senior, married Jacob McNeill, a brother of the late "Little" John McNeill, and settled in Floyd County, Va.

Nancy Auldridge, the youngest daughter of William the eldest, was married to the late Moore McNeill, Esq., on Swago. There were three children, Clark, Phebe, and Mary. Clark McNeill died in youth. Phebe became Mrs Reuben Overholt and resides on the homestead. Mary was married to William H. Overholt, late of Hillsboro, now of Frankford, Greenbrier County.

Thus closes for the present the chronicles of this worthy man's family. The compiler would make mention of the assistance given him by James Auldridge and son George.

The venerable man whose history we have been tracing as illustrated by his descendants was a very estimable person. He was ever-busy, industrious, and exemplary citizen. His influence was ever for sincere piety, strict honesty, and quiet judicious attention to his own concerns. These same qualities characterize many of his worthy posterity. Early in life manhood he was greatly disabled by a falling tree and was seriously crippled for life; and yet the work he and his children accomplished in opening up nice plentiful homes under difficulties is truly remarkable and worthy of special grateful appreciation. He loved to hunt when it did not interfere with more important matters, and upon one occasion came near being slain by a catamount from which he escaped with difficulty.

Mr Auldridge, owing to his disabled condition, became a school teacher and pursued that vocation for years. He was about the first teacher that instructed the late Captain William Young. The good he accomplished as a teacher will never be fully known. When Mr Auldridge died at an advanced age several years since the common remark was that "one of our best old men had gone from us."

JUNE 11, '97. W. T. P.

DROOP MOUNTAIN COAL.

It requires a visit to the coal mine of Mr T. F. Callison to realize the importance of the late discovery of coal on the end of Droop Mountain, a few hundred feet above the Greenbrier. As those acquainted with this county know, Droop mountain is one of our highest elevations, split from top to bottom to allow the Greenbrier river to pass on, and the mineral wealth of its base is that which might belong to the heart of the mountain. The place where coal was discovered is on a small run, a short distance from the road towards the river. Signs of it were seen in the bed of the run, and on digging a few feet a strata was discovered. Last winter Mr Callison secured the services of two experienced coal miners and opened a considerable mine in the hillside. The coal seems to dip to the east and the excavation was made towards the mountain. The coal piled about the mouth of the mine makes it look in every respect like a regularly worked coal mine of the Pittsburg field.

With a regular miner's lamp, the proprietor conducted his visitors to the mouth of the cavern where visions of fire damp and other explosive gases prevented the strangers from entering until the lamp had been carried to the extreme end of the tunnel, about eighty feet from daylight. They then advanced

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RELEASED!

Big Trial Over a Lost Steer.

H. Nathan Released from Custody—Evidence Not Conclusive.

One of the most exciting preliminary hearings was held at this place Saturday. A week or so ago it developed that Col. Levi Gay had had a steer butchered and stolen, and it created profound excitement, for it became evident long ago that "he who steals our purses steals trash; but he who takes our cattle touches the spot," and we who live in this county of cattle production on unfenced ranges can understand why the pioneers of the West hung men for stealing horses and cattle, and hanged the man who took another's life. Saturday presented in Marlinton a scene equal to that of a Circuit Court, in the way of horses and men who had come in to attend the trial of H. Nathan, who was held charged with stealing a steer of the value of \$21. Nathan was here, and all his Jewish energy was on the surface, and he went into trial with H. S. Rucker and W. A. Bratton as his counsel. L. M. McClintic represented the State. About 1 p. m. the case began. The warrant was for felony.

COL. LEVI GAY.

The portly Sheriff took the stand and looked the personification of benignity; unwilling that any should suffer, but still with all the true stockman's horror of losing a valuable steer. A well-used corn-cob pipe enhanced his general good natured appearance. His evidence was to the effect that he ranged 151 head of cattle on Williams River on farms adjoining the prisoner's hacking. Of these he had lost three. Two had got into the Stagger Weed Hacking, and had died, in July. One was missed in October. Five were in habit of ranging in H. Nathan's hacking. Had only got four away from there. Described steer as being two-year-old, red, with white about head and flank. Discovered and identified hide in one of prisoner's outbuildings at Academy. Value of steer was \$21. Recognized hide by marks and by brand. Brands with a circle the size of a dollar, a dollar-and-a-half, or two-dollar piece. On cross-examination said that he knew the hide was not that of one of the two cattle which had died from stagger-weed. In reply to question stated that he had suspected prisoner because he had heard that he was in the habit of butchering diseased cattle, and that it was in his grass when last seen. Hide was in bad condition; hair slipped off easily; enough maggots to make a family pie; did not taste it to see whether hide had ever been salted or not.

J. B. WAUGH.

Tenant of Levi Gay's. Saw steer in controversy about October 6th. Turned it in Downy Hacking. Has not seen the hide as yet. (The hide is here produced in Court, and appears in a horrible condition, the smell being something to be long remembered.) Witness recognizes marks and general appearance. In October had asked Nathan about the steer, and he had replied that if it was in his hacking to leave it.

S. J. GAY.

Lives on Williams River on Col. J. T. McGraw's land. Did not know steer. Witness found hide. He and Bill Ellet Sharp had gone to Academy to move Nathan's things to Williams River. Had slept at Academy. Before going to bed they had talked over the fact that it was narrated around that H. Nathan had butchered the steer. Sharp said if it was that particular steer he would know the hide as well as he would the hide of his old cow. Next morning Cruik Shearer had found the hide in a bin in the granary. Had remarked that it showed poor management on Nathan's part to let a beef hide spoil. Witness smelt a rat, and examined the hide until he discovered Levi Gay's mark. Had called Bill Ellet Sharp's attention to it, and no one else's. Bill Ellet had spread it. Upon being questioned, witness said he had examined the hide simply because he was meddlesome. Was a good friend of the prisoner.

W. E. SHARP.

Nathan's tenant for the past two years. Saw a number of Mr Gay's cattle in the hacking; one pale red steer was in there constantly. Had seen the hide when Sam Gay found it. Could not swear positively that he had ever seen the steer alive off of which it had been taken. On cross-examination he said that there was no ill feeling between Nathan and him. Had not put the hide in the granary himself. The State asked witness if Nathan had proposed to him that they butcher and sell some of Mr Gay's cattle, but upon objection being made to it by counsel, it was ruled out unanswered.

J. C. BOERER.

Neighbor of Nathan's. Saw prisoner butchering a beef, from the

1st to the 10th of October; was a spotted animal. Heard women talking in the barn, and supposed they were helping butcher. Had found the badly decayed carcass of a steer on the mountain near Andy Taylor's about the same time. Ill feeling in this section against Nathan.

R. K. BURNS.

Tells of the execution of the search warrant.

THE DEFENSE.

H. NATHAN.

Had never killed the steer, and did not know how the hide had come to be in his granary. Did not know whether it was in his sack or not. Had killed three beaves since the 1st of October; 2 on the 9th which he had sold. Sent hides to McCarty's tan-yard, by boy who lives with him. Granary was always kept unlocked. Has lots of enemies in the neighborhood, but they were not any of the State's witnesses. Sisters-in-law helped him to butcher.

MRS. H. NATHAN.

Moved from Academy to Williams River on December 24th, at which time the hide was found. Knows the hide could not have been in the granary for more than a few days, because witness had gotten a live turkey and penned it in the granary, and had searched every nook and cranny for salt. Had sent three hides to McCarty's. The first by a Mr. Beard, and the other two by Mr. McCarty himself.

ELLIS MCCARTY.

Had Nathan credited with two hides from the 12th of October up, and had had a hide thrown into the tan-yard in his absence which nobody claimed until Nathan had described it that day and claimed it.

MISS ROSE SHEARER.

Helped Nathan butcher two beaves on October 9th; were both the property of the prisoner.

HOWARD GALTFOED.

Was thirteen years old, and burst into tears. Lived with Mr. Nathan, and wept bitterly as he told it. Knew all the men in the trial, and bemoaned his fate. Put a turkey in the granary (sniff) was no hide in there then. (sniff). Bill Ellet Sharp was there on Friday. (sniff). Found the hide Tuesday evening. (sniff). Did not say anything about (sniff) Mr. Gay came and found it. Thursday morning. His evidence further was of nothing new. Got mixed as to seeing the maggots in the hide without having opened the sack in which the hide was, and retired in confusion.

MISS GEORGIA SHEARER.

Accounted for the eleven head which had composed Nathan's herd. Two sold to Sidney Payne; one to John Galtford; three butchered; and five were sold to William Gibson.

HAMP GALTFOED.

Helped butcher a beef for Nathan on the 9th. Saw the other beef, which was a little Jersey steer.

JOHN PERRY.

Helped butcher the same beef.

EVERETTE BEVENER.

Made his home with Nathan. Had had no beef on table other than that butchered on October 9th.

FRANK JACKSON.

Has been working for Nathan. Have had no other beef on the table.

REBUTTAL.

TOM TOWNSEND.

Went part of the way to Academy with Bill Ellet Sharp when he took a load of lumber with wagon-belly on top of it, and had seen no hide in or about the wagon. On cross-examination admitted that he had had a difference with the prisoner.

The case was submitted without argument, except that prisoner's counsel called the attention of the justice to the decisions relating to the rule that the mere fact of having stolen property in possession is not conclusive evidence of theft on the part of such person.

The justice then dismissed the prisoner, holding that the evidence against him was not sufficient to require him to give bail for his appearance at Court.

Notice.

All persons running accounts with me will please come forward and settle before January 15, 1897. Very Respectfully, W. W. TYREE.

Notice.

On accounts are now ready for settlement. All persons are required to settle their old accounts before they ask for more credit. 2w AMOS BARLOW.

SPECIAL POTATO FERTILIZER and High Grade General Phosphates made from

VEGETABLE and ANIMAL MATTER. Every farmer should write for prices, terms, and circulars.

AMERICAN REDUCTION CO., Pittsburg, Pa.

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come at the same place. Lanty McNeel is at home and Mary Gold, their only daughter.

Mrs Martha Beard is yet living over eighty years of age, (1897), and makes her home with her grandson, Joseph McNeel, near Hillsboro. A few weeks since she was greatly disabled by a fall that has perhaps disabled her from walking for the remainder of her life. Her many attached friends and relatives sympathize with her very sincerely, hoping and praying she may be spared to them.

Thus far we have been able to record something in memory of a very worthy and rather remarkable person. If our readers have derived any pleasure from this sketch their thanks are largely due James McCollam and Mrs Nancy Callison, of Locust, upon whose retentive memories the writer has drawn for most of the particulars here given.

John Jordan, the pioneer, was one of the original ruling elders of the Oak Grove Presbyterian church. His house was open to Methodist and Presbyterian ministers without any apparent discrimination, and for years was one of the main preaching places for Methodist ministers. He donated the site for the Methodist church near his residence. This church was destroyed by fire, under suspicious circumstances, about sixty years ago. In its time this was the most comfortable building of the kind in Pocahontas County in possession of that sect. In his death Mr Jordan was greatly mourned, for so many felt they had been bereaved of a true and useful friend. The poorer people seem to have been especially grieved. He was buried near the ruins of the millstone Run Church, and his grave seems to have been nicely cared for. A neatly carved stone (the handiwork of the late John Bruffey) marks the place where a good man rests in hope. His life's duty is done, and with tears of genuine affection he was tenderly laid here under the trees, planted by the unseen hand of the God he served. W. T. P.

THE LINWOOD FISHING PARTY.

A fishing party composed of C. W. Showalter, J. H. Slanker, E. S. W. B. and A. W. Gatewood, J. S. Varner, Grant Higgins, J. H. Gitsen, G. P. Beverage and Dr. J. H. Lynch left this place on the 22nd for a week's fish on Gauley River. After a half-day's hard walk we reached the Sharp Camp, but, finding the fishing not good near that camp, we concluded to extend our trip on to Camp Cogar, a distance about eight miles thro' the mountains. On reaching it, we went into camp for the night. After a few moments rest, the veteran cook, Charles Showalter, proceeded to prepare supper for the party, while Dr Lynch administered a few doses of Lynch's "Golden Medical Discovery" to those of the party who were very much fatigued by the hard days journey, and which seemed to have the desired effect, inasmuch as it gave each of the convalescents a ravenous appetite, such as only a fisherman can have. In the twinkling of an eye, and before the cook could remonstrate, the supper of hardtack and mountain trout had totally disappeared from the eyes of man, whereupon Dr Lynch declared that such a course was in direct opposition to the long and well established laws of digestion. The doctor's opinion, however, being over ruled, we lighted our pipes and prepared to listen to the 'wild and wooly' anecdotes told by members of the party who had 'been there before,' where the wolf was the only food for the ears of man.

After listening to the recital of the hair-breadth escapes of Dr Lynch, and some of Cook Showalter's 'record breakers,' we turned to enjoy, what proved to be, an undisturbed night's repose, such as cannot be indulged in outside of the mountain fastnesses, surrounded by the wilds of nature and the fresh, invigorating, mountain air of unquestioned pureness.

We awoke with refreshed nerves,

empty stomachs and a determination to conquer some of Cook Showalter's "hard to tackle" grub, which, had it not been for the ever ready Dr Lynch, the medical factotum, might have cost the lives of the whole party.

After being duly recuperated by an administration of Lynch's "Compound Cow-pumpkin Pills," the party set out for the unrivaled fishing district of Gauley, where you only bait your hook and jerk 'em out like lightning. Arriving at the river we proceeded to fish down stream to the lively tune of "Fisher's Hornpipe," which was nobly rendered by and from the musical recesses of Johnny Varner. As the day and cloudless sky were most suitable for the sport, the day's fishing was a bowling success, the river having been followed to what is known as the Three Forks or 'Junction Box' of the Gauley. The catch numbered between six and seven hundred of the finest specimens of mountain trout.

The only mishap that befell the party during the day was the unwarranted catch made by Grant Higgins, in which he was the unenviable hero. Thereby hangs a tale: While fishing in deep water, Grant, unfortunately, in amateur fashion, jerked the hook too hard and too soon, being of the button hook pattern; it fastened itself—no man knew where—searching for the seat of trouble, they found the hook firmly anchored in the seat of Grant's breeches, upon which a surgical operation had to be performed by the worthy Dr Lynch, which, it is unnecessary to say delivered Grant from the "hooks and crooks" of Gauley.

After this heart rending accident above described, we returned to camp, where supper was quickly prepared from the fine catch and as quickly devoured by the hungry crowd of Linwood sports.

The night was being pleasantly spent in old encounters 'lived o'er' when suddenly to the despair of all the unearthly cry of the panther—which resembles the cry of a young child—was heard. He was quickly located—subject to optical delusion—in a laurel thicket not far from camp. Armed with penknives popguns we sallied out to give battle, but were recalled by Eugene Gatewood and Johnny Varner who soon convinced us of the uselessness of giving battle with such a beast with such arms as we possessed. We soon turned in and next turned out, feeling very much refreshed. The panther scare had given us a shock as lasting and as beneficial as that of a galvanic battery. This same panther was seen by a Pennsylvania hunter last fall.

A part of the day was spent peacefully fishing on the Gauley, which at this point is a stream of considerable size. The weather being just right we made a catch of nearly five hundred. After which, bidding old Gauley an affectionate good bye, we turned our faces homeward, where we arrived safely, fortunately none the worse for the wear and tear.

That the anniversary of this trip may be celebrated in each succeeding year by each succeeding generation thro' all the years to come is the burden of our hopes.

LINWOOD SPORTS.

SPEAKER REED is determined to maintain his reputation as a humorist. He is the author of a magazine article on "How the House does Business."—New York Journal.

How Old are You?

It makes no difference whether you answer or not. It is always true that "a woman is as old as she looks." Nothing sets the seal of age upon a woman's beauty so deeply, as gray hair. The hair loses its color generally from lack of nutrition. If you nourish the hair, the original color will come back. That is the way that the normal color of the hair is restored by

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a hundred others. Free. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

ESSAY ON "THE HOME."

This is one of the most beautiful of words. How many pleasant thoughts it suggests! Tender memories of father, mother, sister, brother,—all that are near and dear in life cluster around this word. Webster defines home as a dwelling place; it should be something more, an earthly paradise, where we are always sure of finding sympathy be our troubles what they may.

It requires not wealth to make a model home; a few good books and periodicals, a few pretty pictures that everyone likes to see, and flowers and music help to make home really attractive. Above all let there be kind words and loving deeds, charity for each others faults and praises for their virtues. What a contrast such a home presents to that where vice and ignorance prevail, where there are perpetual faultfindings, scolding, ear-boxing and hair-pulling. It is said that the home influence shapes the destiny of the child. The word "home" sounds dear to us all, be it a mansion or a cabin among the mountains. Others may have finer houses and costlier furniture, they may fare sumptuously from dishes of silver and gold, but they are not to be compared with our own dear home.

A young man who has gone to seek his fortune in the world wanders far from home, at last grows weary, and like the prodigal says, "I will arise and go to my father." He returns to the old homestead, but the place is going to ruin, the fences are all down, the paths are overgrown with grass, and the beautiful flower garden that his mother loved so well is now overrun with weeds and brambles. The father and mother, weary of watching and waiting, are now in their lowly silent graves, and the forms that he cherished are mouldering back to dust. Only the lettered stones now tell where they repose.

He is alone in the dear old home that was once so full of life, ringing with the laughter of merry girls and boys; but ah, where are those boys and girls now! Some are at rest in the churchyard forever that used to meet around this dear home-tree, while the living may be far away. As he stands looking at the familiar scenes around him a picture rises before his eyes and he sees his home as he saw it last, and himself again with father, mother, sister, and brother gathered around the fire-side. There sits his mother in the old armchair with a smile on her beautiful face and her knitting in her hand. Opposite is his father (with his hair just beginning to streak with gray) reading the evening paper. Mary is playing a melody on the cottage organ while they all join in the beautiful chorus of "Home Sweet Home." The sweet music at last dies away, and he awakes from his memory dream saying, "I have learned too late that there is no place like home."

M. ETHEL SHARP, (14 years), MILL POINT, W. VA.

Permanently Cured.

"For about two years I have suffered with diarrhoea. I used a number of remedies and was treated by physicians, but received no permanent relief. After taking a few doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, I believe that I am permanently cured."—JOAB CRITES, Tanner, Giltner county, W. Va. This remedy is sold by Ricketts & Co., Marlinton; Amos Barlow, Huntersville; Barlow & Moore, Edray; and E. H. Moore & Co., Academy.

JULY 9, 1897.

Local Events.

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brother Scott, Free Maltshir to Johnny Groat, If there's a hole in a' your coats, I rode ye to the top, A child's coming you takin' notes, An' faith he'll prout it. — Burns.

SOME of the heaviest rains of the season fell about the head of Stony Creek, Sunday and Monday afternoons. The freshly worked corn was washed considerably.

THE recent rains have put the Greenbrier on quite a respectable boom, much to the delight of venturesome swimmers and the persecuted bass.

REPORTS come from Nicholas and Braxton and contiguous counties of the greatest rains and freshets ever known to have been in that section.

A PICNIC, composed mostly of young people from Edray, was held at the mouth of Stony Creek Saturday, and all seem to have had a pleasant time, barring one accident with a boat in which no one was hurt.

IN the somewhat conspicuous advertisement of the 4th of July picnic at Green Bank, last week, the name of the management should have been printed "G. D. Oliver & Co." We are requested to make the correction.

MISS JENNIE GAY, near Edray has a show cabinet that is a genuine curiosity. It is filled with candy toys, stick candy, and maple-sugar cakes. There is a candy pear that has been in the cabinet more than twenty years, and numerous other things of the kind kept from one to fifteen years in a good state of preservation.

ON Saturday, July 3, quite a number of persons assembled in the Hamline Grove on Stony Creek. Prof Davis Barlow delivered a patriotic address, and impromptu remarks by Messrs G. H. McLaughlin and Newton Duffield. Messrs. Waugh, Carter and Rorke led the singing. Messrs Doyle and Moore had a booth for refreshments that was well patronized.

HENRY BARLOW, Esq., near Edray, has in his possession a wonderfully voracious horse. This animal broke into a three acre cornfield last Monday, night and Mr. Barlow positively and repeatedly asserts that the horse did not leave a single stalk, in the whole field, as large as his leg. Such a horse should be looked after for he might be for sale on terms that would suit persons aiming to raise such large corn, as the kind just referred to.

AS PARIS leads the fashion in dress, so the Golden Store leads in low prices. Some will offer you goods that are shiny and shoddy—made to sell at a bargain. I frankly acknowledge that I cannot afford to sell such goods. It is my business to see that you get every penny's worth of quality, whatever you purchase. Six dozen jar gum rings for 25c. (You are used to pay 10c per dozen. If you are in need of Mason's fruit-jars, please don't forget that I have just received quite a lot of them, bought before jars advanced. Prices guaranteed. PAUL GOLDEN.

WEDNESDAY noon, June 30th, a very nice, quiet marriage service was celebrated at the home of Wm. H. Gabbert, in the vicinity of Huntersville, when his eldest daughter, Miss Agnes Estie, and Letcher Joshua Barnes were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. Wm. T. Price. A few of the nearest relatives were present, besides the attendants. A bountiful and nicely prepared dinner was served up. Later in the afternoon the guests dispersed, having had a very enjoyable time, and all sincerely wishing their young married friends all possible happiness and prosperity in their new life.

THE Bailey House, at Weston, is a hotel where each day at noon chicken is served for dinner. It is said that a provision in the will of the former owner required that chicken should be on the table at least once a day as long as the building should be used as a hotel, and that it has been complied with for twenty five years. Preachers love to drop in for the midday meal and it would make an excellent retreat for retired clergymen who have acquired the chicken habit. Upon the whole we fear that the lie about the Bailey House is an untruth, but like the defunct roosters of that weather beaten hostelry it does to fill up.

A LONDON practitioner of medicine, after taking a somewhat lengthy ride on a bicycle, has this to say as to what happened to him: "Paralysis in the fourth and fifth fingers, with impaired sensibility, and paresis in the interossei, lumbricals and adductor pollicis." This diagnosis is here, with published so that our Marlinton bicyclists when feeling badly after a spin will know what the matter is according to the London doctor, and govern themselves accordingly. There is nothing like knowing things. According to this presentation of the matter nothing stronger than penicillin tea and two days' rest will be requisite for satisfactory recuperation from such effects.

LAST week the Pope Company announced a reduction of 25 per cent. on Columbias. This action affects the world's bicycle market.

LOYD McNEEL, Esq., eldest son of Captain William L. McNeel, was expected in from the State of Washington this week. It is eighteen years since he was last here.

The teacher's institute will meet at this place August 9. Major J. R. Lee of Lewisburg and Professor R. E. Lowe of Hinton are the instructors.

The people of Edray and points beyond are in a bad shape about their mail. The mail leaves for Mingo, since July 1, at 7 A. M., and at 10 A. M. the Lewisburg mail, containing all their railroad mail, arrives here and the mail is held here until the next day. This will compel the people of Edray to get their mail by the way of Beverly.

The delegates of Highland county were instructed for J. Hoge Tyler for Governor of Virginia. To all appearances Tyler will receive about two thirds of the vote of the Roanoke Convention. If Taylor Ellyson is defeated, Richmond will have to continue to wait furnish to a Governor of the State.

E. D. KING has returned from Webster County where he has been building a church. He reports matters as dull in that county. The new 73 room hotel at Addison is finished. There are very few visitors at the springs there as yet. He also says that he has no fixed intention of moving to Addison, as was reported.

WE learn from the Bath News that Tuesday, June 29, Mr. James Law, whose home is between the Warm and Hot Springs, attempted to stop a runaway team. He was knocked down and the hind foot of the horse struck him in the stomach, then both wheels of the heavily loaded, four-horse wagon passed over his prostrate body. His injuries were such that he died in a very short time. He was between sixty and seventy years of age, and much esteemed as an honest and straight forward citizen.

THE late rains have caused big floods in many places. Gauley River was higher last Thursday than any time in the memory of man. Elk River was as high almost as last year and much damage was done. The Sutton boom broke, and at Charleston a large lot of timber and ties passed out into the river. Near Marlinton Swago and Stony Creek have been high a number of times. The Dry Branch of Swago was wetter than it has been since the war, as it took out logs out into the bed of the run by John Armstrong directly after the war. A drummer was watering his horse at the ford at Buckeye and saw the water coming in a wave of about four feet high. Before he could drive out the water almost ran in his buggy, and by the time he reached the bank the stream could not have been forded. Indian Draft came down in a tidal wave last Thursday. This is a warm wet summer so far.

Personal Mention.

Mrs Wm. Siple has a case of typhoid.

Penick Rorke is at home from a Webster lumber camp after an absence of fifteen months.

Miss Gertrude Bird is visiting her sister, Mrs Lloyd Moore, of Charlottesville.

Miss Pearl Yeager, of Travelers Rest, is visiting friends and relatives in Marlinton.

Miss Mattie Correll, of Frankford, is spending some time with her cousin, Miss Sallie Yeager.

Mrs Henry Moore, of Driftwood, was visiting her brother James Auldridge, last Saturday.

William Sharp and daughter, of Clover Creek, were visiting friends and relatives on Stony Creek during the Fourth.

Dr E. Snoden Mooman and family, of Lewisburg, have been visiting Dr Mooman and friends at Green Bank. The party returned home last week.

John A. McLaughlin, who is travelling in the interest of a Cumberland grocery firm, spent some days in Marlinton, and reports business as encouraging in his line.

M. G. Matthews, a veteran school teacher and ex-superintendent of schools, has been in Marlinton for some weeks. His health is much improved.

Mrs Clara Rader, from Greenbrier, is with her brother, Boyd Bartlett. She is in very infirm health and her friends fear that her mind is permanently affected.

Professor Walter S. Anderson, Principal of the Alleghany Collegiate Institute, Alderson, W. Va., was in Marlinton Saturday in the interest of his school.

Dr W. E. Price, late of South Dakota, and brother are in this county looking after their interests in grazing lands cattle and on Elk.

Mrs Catherine Ratliff, near Marlinton, was called last week to the bedside of her father, Elsiea Jacobs, who is very sick at his home on Anthony's Creek. Mr Jacobs was a resident of this county for many years, coming here from Bollovert county more than fifty years ago. He is about eighty-seven years of age and is a very worthy citizen.

The Shue Murder Trial.

Trout Shue, formerly of Droop Mountain, was found guilty of murder in the first degree, in the Greenbrier court, the jury recommending a life sentence. The evidence was convincing that Shue had murdered his wife by breaking her neck, and the case presented this aspect, that the woman died of a broken neck, and that it was impossible for her to break it herself, and that no one could have done it except her husband. What was the closing scene of the woman's life will probably never be known, but the explanation of the "vision" of the woman's mother gives a very striking suggestion of the last quarrel which ended in the death of the woman. She said that her daughter appeared to her and said that on the last evening she had gotten a good supper except there was no meat on the table, and that her husband had become enraged on account of it. Shue is a bad man and he has no sympathy from the neighborhood in which he was raised.

From an exchange we gather the following facts concerning the murder, all of which point to Shue as the murderer:

About 10 o'clock on the morning of the day, January 23, 1897, on which Mrs E. S. Shue was found dead, E. S. Shue, the prisoner, after having been to his blacksmith shop, went to the house of a negro woman and asked the son of this woman to go to his house and hunt the eggs and then go to Mrs Shue and see if she wanted to send to the store for any thing. This negro boy went to the house of Shue, and after looking for eggs and finding none, he went to the house, knocked and received no response, opened the door and went in. He found the dead body of Mrs Shue lying upon the floor. The body was lying stretched out perfectly straight with feet together, one hand by the side and the other lying across the body, the head was slightly inclined to one side. The negro boy ran and told his mother that Mrs Shue was dead and then went on the blacksmith shop and told E. S. Shue, the prisoner, that his wife was dead. Shue and the negro woman ran to the house, both arriving there about the same time. Dr Knapp was called in after the body had been laid out and dressed and pronounced Mrs Shue dead. The dress in which the corpse was dressed had a high, stiff collar. There were slight discolorations on the right side of the neck and right cheek. The Doctor unfastened the collar and examined the front of the neck and right cheek and was about to examine the back of the neck when Shue, the prisoner, protested so vigorously that he desisted from further examination left the house. The body was taken to the Meadows and buried. A few weeks afterwards owing to suspicious conduct and conversations of the prisoner, a post mortem examination was ordered. This examination was conducted by Drs Knapp, Rupert and McClung. The examination disclosed that the neck was dislocated between the first and second cerebral vertebrae. The ligaments were torn and ruptured. The windpipe had been crushed at a point in front of the neck. All other portions and organs of the body were apparently in a perfectly healthy state.

The Fourth in Marlinton.

The "Fourth" was very much in evidence about Marlinton, notwithstanding the abnormal thermal state of the temperature. The juveniles, male and female, met at an early hour under and around the umbrageous sugar-maple that is such a conspicuous feature of the Price orchard. The time was passed in games, romps, and discussing the ample refreshments found in the lunch-baskets filed to repletion with the best that kind mothers could think of.

Such scenes prompt us to sing: "My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing. Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring."

While the juveniles were letting freedom ring in the refreshing shade of the maple tree, the young gentlemen and ladies of the Marlinton society met in the afternoon at the temporary court-house, and from reports had one of the best times anywhere in sight. The hours sped away on fleetest wing, and when the assembly dispersed and the young patriots paired off for the home ward promenade some no doubt wished the 'glorious 4th' would visit this beautiful valley more often than what it does. Again we feel like singing:

"My native country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love. I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with raptures thrills Like that above."

Camp Items.

W. McClintic has moved to his lower camp, where he will remain until he has finished his job. He is working from thirty-five to forty men.

James Sheets is the cook and M. L. Barnes cookee.

The wind storm we had the other day blew lots of timber down. People are making great preparation for the 4th of July.

DANES.

Races at Mingo.

On Wednesday, June 30, Mingo and district turned out "on mass" to witness the gymkhana races on the Mingo track. The weather was all that could be desired, but the track was very heavy owing to the previous night's rain, and the unfortunate ones who got left behind in the different races were fairly plastered with mud.

A start was made with the mule race for which four mules faced the starter. A slashing race ended in a dead heat between "Toby" (O. N. Miles ap) and "Patrick" (J. C. Foster), both animals belonging to James Hebdon. In the final heat "Patrick" won a good race from L. Tuke's "Desdemona" with "Toby" third.

The next event on the card was a private match between Mr L. Tuke's sorrel colt "Sultan" and Mr Oswald Miles' brown gelding "Agent" (\$10 a side). Agent started a hot favorite and won easily.

The hurdle race was the chief attraction, for which there were six horses entered. (N. B. We understand that the store sold out all the cobbler's wax the day before.) In the first heat Squire Grews' black bull "Dandy Dick," with J. Forster up, easily beat Mr Elihu Ward's grey mare "Thomasmara," the mount of L. Tuke. In the second heat "Sweet Marie," owner up, won in a common canter from old man Dakers' roan horse "Ormonde," who refused the second flight of hurdles and deposited "Dan" onto his back into the mud; he was veritably "Dirty Dan" when he picked himself up. Mr James Hebdon's "Sister Mary," with Miss Foster in the saddle, gave Ernest Hebdon's "Miss Muffett" not cheer in the third heat. Miss Muffett fell at the first hurdle, and thereby lost a lot of ground. Dandy Dick, Sister Mary, and Sweet Marie contested the final heat, which was run at a cracking pace, and won rather easily by the latter, with Sister Mary third.

There were three teams for the tandem race, (ride one horse and drive the other), the winning team being "Pepita" and Sister Mary, who went splendidly together; L. Tuke was second with Sultan and Agent, and Grews' horses parted company.

The road cart race was the *piece de resistance*, and afforded much wagering. Squire Grews with the old champion "Belle," and "Pepita," driven by J. Forster were the only competitors. Belle made the pace a croaker to the bottom turn, but Pepita bringing the Lawsonian sulky along with a tremendous rattle won an exciting race by two lengths. A vast sum of money is believed to have been lost over this race.

Taylor Painter's brown cob "Cheat Mountain" won the scrub race in a canter with the feather-weight Ernest Rhea riding; Jake Mace's "Mace Knob" being second. Ernest Hebdon on "Ormonde" swallowed his beer the quickest in the beer and cigarette race, and "Pepita" won the novelty race.

The Askham stable scooped the board, winning every race-bar one.

Much disappointment was felt at the non-appearance of Mr Montague's Crippled Cricket, as her owner is said to have planked his last dollar on her road-cart race chance. We don't think, however, the fair Cricket would have had a show; the superior coachmanship of the jehus, and the pace would have smothered her. What think you, Carey?

The proceedings terminated sharp to time, and every one returned home hugely pleased with the day's sport, and voted the gymkhana the best yet ever seen on the Mingo track.

The Presidential Meeting.

About the largest crowd that can be gathered around here in this day and age of the world assembled at Swago Sunday to the services conducted by Revs Smith and Perry. People thronged to hear these popular preachers in carriages, on bicycles and horseback, in roadwagons and afoot. The church being much too small for the occasion, the services were conducted in the woods, and no body found cause to complain that they couldn't get in the church.

The church attendance at Marlinton and other points was very small that day, but the few present have the well-worn but by no means threadbare scripture phrase to cheer them, "Where two or three are gathered together in Thy name there art Thou in the midst of them."

NEARLY everywhere a binder is used we notice that the farmer has taken great pains to cut around it with the cradle, so that the machine could compass the field without mashing down the grain. We are informed that, unless the farmer wishes to keep his hand in at cradling, it is wholly unnecessary to cut the longest swath in the field by hand. By reversing the direction with the binder the grain is cut and saved much cleaner and better than can be done with a cradle. This we saw tried around a large field. The grain was beat by the passing over it of the horses and machine, but it leaned in the right direction and it was gathered up very cleanly by the binder. As to acreage, one man in the Levels claims to have cut fifteen acres in one day, which done by hand would take at least twelve men.

BOARDS OF EDUCATION.

The various boards met and laid levees last Monday. Below is a report of the orders made.

Edray District.

Met at Marlinton court-house, where future meetings will be held. J. H. Patterson elected Secretary for the ensuing year.

Levy 40 cents for teachers' fund and 12 1/2 cents for building fund. Number of schools to be maintained, (including one colored school), 26; teachers 27. Two teachers allowed east Marlinton. Salaries \$25, \$22, and \$18.

Petitions for new schools near John A. Beverage's and Page Gay's refused.

Trustees appointed.

Huntersville District.

W. H. Grose, Secretary. Eighteen schools to be run, including one colored school. Salaries to be paid: \$25, \$22, and \$18.

S. J. Boggs appointed depository of school-books for Huntersville district.

Petition for schools at Brown's Creek and Mount Tabor to be consolidated was tabled.

Levy, 50c for teachers' fund, 21c for building fund.

A new house will be built for the Belcher school on Beaver Creek.

Levels District.

W. W. Ruckman appointed Secretary, vice R. W. Hill, resigned. Trustees appointed; fifteen schools to be maintained. Salaries: \$25, \$22.50, and \$18.

Levy, 25c for teachers' fund and 11c for building fund.

S. J. Payne appointed school-book depository.

FEED Twenty-three stalls. STABLES. Plenty of box-stalls for those wishing them. Best stables in town. 100 yards from the court-house. Will feed and care for horses in best style.

WILLIAM SIPLE, Marlinton, W. Va.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

Commissioner's Office, Marlinton, W. Va., June 21, 1897.

Nora Susan Herold, et als. vs. Wise Herold, et als.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, rendered in the above styled cause at the June Term, 1897, of said court, I will proceed at my office in the town of Marlinton, West Virginia, on the 1st day of September, 1897, to take state and report to court the following matters of account, to wit:

1. An account showing what debts, if any, against the estate of Washington L. Herold remain unpaid.

2. An account of the liens binding the lands in the bill and proceedings mentioned, whether arising under the will of the said Washington L. Herold, deceased, or the agreement between R. D. and Wise Herold, a copy of which is filed with the original bill marked "B"; or by judgment or otherwise, and showing their respective dates, dignities, and priorities.

3. An account of the lands on which said liens rest, together with the annual and fee simple value thereof.

4. Any other matter, &c. W. A. BRATTON, Commissioner in Chancery.

Notice to Lien Holders.

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of Wise Herold:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Wise Herold to the satisfaction of the liens thereon you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said Wise Herold, which are liens on his real estate or any part thereof, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Marlinton, West Virginia, on the 1st day of September, 1897.

W. A. BRATTON, Commissioner.

Weak Lungs

Hot weather won't cure weak lungs. You may feel better because out of doors more, but the trouble is still there. Don't stop taking your

Scott's Emulsion

because the weather happens to be warm. If you have a weak throat, a slight hacking cough, or some trouble with the bronchial tubes, summer is the best time to get rid of it. If you are losing flesh there is all the more need of attention. Weakness about the chest and thinness should never go together. One greatly increases the danger of the other. Heal the throat, cure the cough, and strengthen the whole system now. Keep taking Scott's Emulsion all summer.

For sale by all druggists at 50c and 75c.

And bring thy children, Lord, to thee."

W. T. P.

AN INDIAN CAPTIVE.

From an old history of Virginia we find the personal experience of one who was captured by the Indians.

About 1775, James Moore moved to Tazewell County, Virginia, and settled in Abb's Valley. His parents were of those driven from Scotland in the persecution of the Covenanters by Charles I., and having settled for a while in the north of Ireland before emigrating to America, were known as the Scotch-Irish. He had moved from Walker's Creek in Rock-bridge County.

On the 14th of June, 1786, his whole family was massacred by the Indians or taken captive. He had prospered greatly, and at the time of the raid he had 100 head of horses and a good stock of cattle. On the fatal morning a gang of horses had come in to the lick-blocks about one hundred yards from the house, and James Moore took his salt-bag and went to salt them. His two hands were reaping wheat. The Indians, about 30 in number, had been lying in ambush and rushed in and killed two children who were coming from the spring, and George Simpson, an old man in the house. They took the rest of the family as prisoners. The father hearing the shots tried to get to the house, but finding it surrounded rushed past it and would have escaped but stopped on a fence within rifle-shot as tho he would return. There he was killed, seven balls traversing his body.

Of the prisoners, John, a boy weak in mind and body, was tomahawked; the baby was fretful, so an Indian took it by its feet and dashed its brains out against a tree: when they they reached the towns near the Scioto River Mrs Moore and her daughter Jane were slowly burned to death at the stake. Mary Moore was released from captivity and returned to Rock-bridge County, and she afterwards married a minister of the gospel by the name of Rev Samuel Brown. Of her children five became Presbyterian ministers, one of whom, Rev Samuel Brown, died a few years ago near Millboro.

The child Mary Moore owed her release, probably, to her meeting with her brother James, who had been captured by the Indians in 1784, when he was 14 years old. It is of his personal experience written by himself that is so interesting.

On the 7th of September, 1784, nearly two years before the family was broken up by the Indians, James Moore was sent by his father to catch a horse to go to mill twelve miles away. The horse was at a waste plantation about two and a half miles from the house, but he had always been accustomed to going about the woods alone and had never minded it. On this day he claims to have had a strong and overpowering presentiment of impending evil. The thought of Indians was constantly in his mind and he was constantly looking back and trembling. He would have returned home but for fear that his father would be displeased with such an excuse. When near the field his fears were realized by three Indians springing suddenly from behind a log. It seems that being captured he lost his fear of the Indians. The party was composed of three Indians, the leader of whom was Black Wolf, a middle-aged man with a black beard. The others were about eighteen years of age. All were of the Shawnee tribe. They tried to make him catch a horse for them, but as they would come charging up as soon as he had his hand on one, for fear of his mounting and escaping, the horse would break away. After a time they gave up the idea, and about one o'clock they got their kettles and blankets and set out for the Ohio.

Put a pill in the pulpit if preaching for the physical man. Put a pill in the pillory if it does not preach. There's a whole Sugar Coated Pill; a "good and light." People used to v as they did their religion. The more bitter the dose the We've got over that. We take gospel or physic—now-a-days please and to purge at the s may be power in a pleasant gospel of

Ayer's Cathar

More pill particulars in Ayer's C
Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., L

The walking was bad and they made only about eight miles that day. When the prisoner attempted to break the bushes or scrape the ground to leave marks he was threatened with the tomahawk, and he finally desisted. In the evening Black Wolf gave a tremendous war-whoop and in the morning about sunrise another. This indicated that they were returning with one prisoner. A different call indicated when they had scalps. This whoop was given every morning and evening during the whole journey. The first night out was rainy. The party crawled into a laurel thicket and slept without food or fire. After searching him for a knife, Black wolf tied a leading halter around his prisoner's neck and wrapped the other end around his hand. Moore says he slept tolerably well that night and that he was perfectly resigned to his fate.

The next day they journeyed down Tug River and crossed Tug Mountain. Here Black Wolf stepped to one side and brought a dutch oven which he gave to the white boy to carry. For three days they traveled without any sustenance whatever except some water in which poplar bark had been steeped. On the fourth day they killed a buffalo, took out the paunch, rinsed it a little, cut it up put it in the kettle with some flesh and made broth. Of this they drank very heartily, but ate no meat. After night another kettle was boiled and eaten, but no meat. This is Indian policy after fasting.

During the whole journey the prisoner was barefooted. He walked over rattlesnakes, but was not permitted to kill any, as the Indians regarded them as their friends. After this they killed deer or buffalo whenever they needed anything to eat.

They crossed the Ohio between the mouths of Guyondot and Big Sandy rivers, on logs lashed together with grape-vines. They reached their towns near where Chillicothe now stands twenty days after they set out. On the banks of the Scioto they remained one day, and left pictures representing three Indians and one prisoner. Two years after the others of the family who were brought this far were shown these pictures and the meaning explained by the Indians. The route taken by these three Indians and their boy prisoner must have lain through McDowell, Wyoming, Logan (or Mingo), and Wayne Counties.

Young Moore remained with the Indians that winter and was sold to a detroit trader next spring for \$50. His little sister was afterwards taken north and sold for a half a gallon of rum, and was found by her brother. The administrator of their father's estate, Thomas Ivinga, came north to look for his sister, Martha Ivinga, the hired girl who was also taken prisoner, and finding her and the two surviving children of the pioneer of Abb's Valley brought them back to Virginia.

The address made by Capt. T. H. Dennis, before the Editorial Association at Weston, on "The Law of Libel," is highly complimented by many of the editors, as being able and timely. Henceforth Captain Dennis is to be referred to as an authority on that subject.

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County Court.

County Court met Tuesday with a full board. Claims were presented, and a greater or less number of them allowed.

The case of Chet Rogers and his wife concerning the custody of their children (which had been referred to the County Court from the Circuit Court) was heard, and the mother allowed to retain the care of the children.

The question of tollable roads was broached. The toll-contractors were bold in asserting that the legislature could not make a law impairing the obligation of a contract existing between themselves and the county court, but as the toll-payers were more or less affected by the law and were not parties to said contract, the obligation referred to would hardly oblige them. Some disposition will be made by the court of the matter.

The county is to be congratulated, and the doctors and road overseers pitied, on having such an economical court. The court strains at every five cents it spends, and the result is our thinly settled county is enabled to carry on some rule cheaper than most of the less populous counties.

Notice.

The School Book Board of Pocahontas County will meet at the

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